

The Busy Man's Magazine

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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL XVII

APRIL 1909

No 6

Canadians and Imperial Titles

By J. MILLER McCONNELL

THE question of the acceptance by Canadians of Imperial titles was much debated for some years following Confederation in 1867, but for the past twenty-five years little has been said on the subject and there seems to be a generally tacit consent to the principle that it is a highly proper thing to accept such honors at the hands of the Crown.

It may be that the flow of Imperial sentiment broadcast over the land has had to do with this acquiescence, but it is also attributable in a considerable measure to the high character and unquestioned standing of the men who have been honored in recent years. If there was any doubt in the minds of the general public that the honors would be worn other than honorably and with distinction, there might be another story.

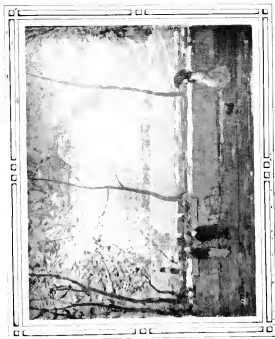
Political sentiment has a way of veering about in a young and ambitious country which is truly amazing. There was a time in the history of Canada—and it is not so very long ago—when public men looked more to Washington than to Westminster. Democratic instincts were more firmly rooted while that spirit prevailed. The feeling respecting titles and other Imperial attractions was more inclined to

coincide with that of our American neighbors, and sneers at those who accepted titles were not uncommon. Much of that has been swept away on the flood tide of Imperialism, and there is a complete reversal of things. Washington may now look to Ottawa, but Canada looks to Britain.

In the early days of United Canada there was considerable bitterness displayed in the discussion as to whether Canadians should accept these titles or not. Many leading Canadians of that day plumed themselves on their democratic instincts, and they claimed that it was undesirable to accept honors which to them smacked of an Old World aristocracy. Others objected very strongly in some cases to the personality of the men who were so honored.

Objection chiefly rose from some leading men in the Liberal party, although, as claimed by the late Sir Oliver Mowat, the matter was never a plank in the Liberal policy. As a matter of fact, however, Liberals were the chief objectors, and such early leaders as Mackenzie, Brown and Blake never accepted knighthood, although they might have had the titles had they so wished.

A peculiar thing about the situation



CANADIAN NATIONAL ART GALLERY SERIES, No. 4
A scene in Poles, by J. W. Maciver



Lord Aylmer

A Native Born Canadian and the Eighth Baron of Duff-Norris.

was that in later years some of those who had been prominent in the ranks of the objectors, accepted titles, and in consequence came in for a considerable amount of ridicule. The late Sir Oliver Mowat, thought it necessary in 1892, in a public address, to devote considerable attention to the matter of the acceptance of titles in virtue of having accepted one himself after having been associated for many years with public men who were mysteriously opposed to the idea.

As recently as 1897 there was considerable talk in some sections about the acceptance of a title by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and many of his followers of ultra-democratic feelings were inclined to think that he should not have accepted the honor which was bestowed upon him as the late Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. But the Premier accepted, as have many leading Liberals since that day, and, of late, there has been no question in the public mind on the matter. There are

still, no doubt, many who regard titles with contempt and would not accept them if offered, but they are content to permit their feelings to remain quiescent. There are those who will readily recollect the discussions that frequently went on some years ago with respect to what were often called "tin-pot titles," but it is safe to assert that even the originator of that phrase now looks upon the matter in a more charitable light.

In looking over the list of Canadian Peers and Baronets, the highest and rarest titles, it is at once noticeable that not one of the Peerage honors was originally conferred on a Canadian-born, while but few of our living baronets first saw the light of day in the Dominion. Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen, the two most widely known of our Canadian peers, were born in the Old Country. Baroness Macdonald, the widow of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, was born in Jamaica, and was honored since her

distinguished husband's death. Baron de Blaquiere was born in Canada, but inherited his title, as did Baron Aylmer. Reginald D'Iserville Charles Grant, Baron de Longueville, inherited an old title of the French regime in Canada, which was afterwards recognized by the British Government, but appears to have been the only one that survived from that interesting period of Canadian history. That constitutes the sum total of the Canadian

was so honored, Sir Charles Tupper having been advanced from Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, to which he was appointed in 1899, to Knight Grand Cross of the same order in 1886, and thence to a baronetcy two years later. The only instance of a Canadian baronet being made a peer was that of Sir George Stephen, who was given his first title in 1886, and was elevated to the peerage in 1891.



Lord De Blaquiere

The eighth Baron in a Native Born Canadian line based in Scotland.



Lady De Blaquiere

Who was formerly Miss Lucienne Deschamps of Montreal.



Lady Macdonald, of Braselton

Widow of Sir John A. Macdonald, who was created a Baroness in honor of her husband's services to Canada.

peerage; and there is yet to appear the first Canadian-born to be created a peer of the realm.

Baronetries are not quite so rare as peerages, but they are, nevertheless, uncommon. In a period extending over two hundred and fifty years (from 1755 to 1909) only twelve Canadians have been made baronets. A period of twenty years elapsed between the time Sir Edward Clouston was given his high honor in November, 1908, and the preceding Canadian

"It is an interesting fact that with but few exceptions, Canadian baronetcies have or will become extinct. Sir Edward Clouston, the newest of the rank, has daughters, but no son to whom to leave the title. Sir Charles Tupper's title will go to his eldest son, Mr. Stewart Tupper, of Winnipeg. His second son, Sir Charles Herbert Tupper, has a title of his own earning, having been created a K.C.M.G. in 1893. Had Sir George Stephen remained a baronet the title

would have died, as he has no heir. Sir John Rose (1872), Sir James Stuart (1840) and Sir Wm. Johnson (1755), left heirs and the titles are still in existence. Sir John Beverley Robinson, the fourth baronet of the line, left an heir, John Beverley, but it is understood that it is desired that the title be now obsolete, so that there are now only four successions in sight out of the twelve created.

Sir Edward Gordon Johnson, the fifth baronet, and the holder of the oldest Canadian title of that rank, is one of the staff in the general offices

of the vast estates on the Mohawk River were confiscated and property that would have to-day represented millions were lost to the family. The family came to Canada to settle after the War of Independence, but it never succeeded in re-establishing itself on a territorial basis.

The present baronet has been a resident of Montreal all his life, his father being the late Archibald Kennedy Johnson, of this city, youngest brother of the deceased baronet. He was born in 1867 and in 1902 married Miss Violet Evelyn Hayes, a daughter of the late Dr. Thomas Evelyn Hayes, of Dublin, Ireland. He has been connected with the Canadian Pacific now for six years. The family seat is at Woodland Grange, St. Matthias, Richelieu County, Quebec.

The present baronet has in his possession the Patent and Seal by King George II. creating the first Sir William a baronet in 1755. It also carries with it a knighthood for the eldest son. The first baronet's successor was his son, Sir John Johnson, who espoused the British cause in the War of Independence, and headed several raids from Canada into the United States. His headquarters were on the site in Montreal now occupied by Bonsecours Market, and on that building is a tablet with the following inscription: "Sir William Johnson, of Johnson Hall, on the Mohawk River, the celebrated superintendent of Indian Affairs and first American baronet, commanded the Indian allies of Amherst's army in 1760. To them was issued in commemoration the first British Montreal medal. Here stood the house of his son, Sir John Johnson, Indian Commissioner."

While none of the Canadian peerages were conferred on what might be recognized as purely political grounds, the majority of the baronetcies were, on the other hand, given to

men who were conspicuous in the political history of Canada, before and after Confederation, but mostly prior to the union of 1867. Sir James Stuart (1840), Sir Louis Hypolite Lafontaine (1844), Sir John Beverley Robinson (1854), Sir Allan Napier MacNab (1858), Sir George Etienne Cartier (1868), Sir John Rose (1872), and Sir Charles Tupper (1888) were all men of prominence in the councils of the country. Sir William Fenwick Williams (1895), the hero of Kars in the Turko-Russian War, was the greatest soldier Canada ever produced. Sir George Stephen (1896) was a successful business and railway man, while Sir Edward Clouston, the latest baronet, is a great financier, the brains of the Bank of Montreal. In the matter of rank it is worthy of mention that Sir Edward takes precedence over the president of the Bank of Montreal, Sir George A. Drummond, who is only a K.C.M.G., C.V.O., though Sir Edward is only vice-president of the bank and general manager. It is considered highly probable that the Dominion Government, through the Crown, wished to bestow upon Sir Edward the highest honor possible as a reward for services to the Government of the day in connection with the financial matters, the Bank of Montreal having for a long time had intimate relations with the Finance Department.

Authorities, in undertaking to set forth an explanation of the British peerages, admit that there are so many complications that even an expert may be occasionally perplexed. There are two general classes of peers, those who are of the House of Lords and the peerage outside of the House. Of the first-class there are two divisions, those created and those elected. Of the created peers there are three sub-divisions: (1) hereditary peers, (2) life peers, or otherwise law lords, and (3) official peers or lords spiritual. Of the elective peers there are two sub-divisions: (1) Irish repre-

sentative peers, elected for life, and (2) Scottish peers, elected for one Parliament.

The peerage outside of the House consists of Scottish and Irish peers, many of whom sit in the House of Lords, either under Imperial titles or as representatives. There are also peeresses in their own right; Imperial peeresses, whose male heirs go to the House of Lords on succession, and Scottish peeresses, while it is said Irish peeresses are barely possible. Peers outside also include peers' issue



Sir John Johnson, Bart.

The Second Baronet, Who Espoused the British Cause in the War of Independence.

of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Montreal. The title carried with it an estate of comparatively small value.

Sir Edward Gordon Johnson succeeded to the title on the death of his uncle, Sir William Johnson, the fourth baronet, about a year ago. The baronetcy was created in recognition of the skill and bravery of the ancestor of the family, Sir Wm. Johnson, in turning the tide of battle in favor of the British against the French at Lake George in the second half of the eighteenth century.

At the end of the war Sir Wil-



Chas. Le Moyne

Created Baron de Longueuil by Louis XIV.

with courtesy titles, such as eldest sons of dukes, marquesses and earls, etc., and Scottish lords of session.

The peers in whom Canadians are more closely interested are "peers created," and who sit in the House of Lords. Peerages such as granted to Baroness Macdonald, of Earncliffe, are occasionally granted to ladies of distinction or the widows of distinguished men. In her case, death will terminate the title. In the case of Lord Strathcona, who has no direct heir to the title to the barony, it will by special patent descend to his grandson, the son of the Hon. Mrs.



Sir Louis Hippolyte Lafontaine, Bart.
Created a Baronet in 1854

Howard, who married Dr Howard, whose father was at one time dean of the medical faculty of McGill University. Lord Mount Stephen has no heir.

The British baronetage in which, as has already been stated, only twelve Canadians have so far ranked, grew out of a lower division of the rank of barons and dates as far back as 1327. It is linked with the nobility by virtue of its being hereditary, and being conferred by patent alone, the early patents having closely resembled those of barons, but in other respects it has much the appearance of a specialized order of knighthood. Every baronet is required to register his pedigree and to receive a certificate from one of the Colleges of Arms.

The peerages of the houses of De Blaquiere and De Longueuil are the least familiar to the general public of the Canadian peers. The holder of the former title, which is of Irish descent, was born in Canada, but is resident in England, while the second

was born in England and continues to reside there.

The present Baron De Blaquiere is the sixth holder of the title, it having originated with Lieut.-Col. John De Blaquiere, who was of noble French descent, but whose father had been driven to England by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, was appointed secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and was created baronet in 1784, and laron in 1800. The sixth laron was born in this country, his father being Charles De Blaquiere, of Woodstock, Ont., and his grandfather was Hon. Peter Boyle De Blaquiere, in his time a legislative councillor of Canada and chancellor of Toronto University. He was for a time a clerk in the Bank of Montreal, and married a Canadian lady, Miss Lacanone, daughter of George Desharats, of Montreal. He has a son to inherit the title.

The Barony of De Longueuil was created by Louis XIV., when Canada belonged to France. It was recognized by the British Government in 1880. It is open to female succession, but the present heir presumptive is the baron's brother, John Moore de Bienville Charles Grant, and the second heir the latter's son.

The first Baron Aylmer was a distinguished naval officer in the reign of James II. The present baron is the eighth and has a distinguished military career to his credit, as did his father before him.

Among the least generally known of the Canadian baronets are Rev. Sir James Stuart and Sir Cyril S. Rose. The latter is a grandson of Sir John Rose, the first baronet, whose record in Canadian politics is well known. He is a young man, residing in England, and although he is married, the heir to the title as yet is his uncle, Mr. Charles Day Rose, M.P., the well-known London banker.

The second oldest Canadian baronetage, conferred on James Stuart in 1849, for his services in connection with the union of Upper and Lower Canada, is near to extinction. After

the death of the original baronet, who was chief justice of Lower Canada, the title was for many years held by his second son, Major-General Edward Andrew Stuart, a Crimean veteran, who ended his days as Governor of Chelsea Hospital. The present baronet is the third son of Sir James, Rev. Sir James Stuart, rector of Portishead, Somerset, who has passed the allotted four-score-and-ten, and has no heir.

Titles in which colonials do not figure are the Orders of the Garter, the Thistle and St. Patrick, but when we get to the Knights Grand Cross of the Bath, it is found that Sir William Fenwick Williams (1871), and Sir John A. Macdonald (1884), were so honored, both gentlemen having been previously Knights Commander of the Bath. Of late years no Canadians have been given honors in those grades, while comparatively few have been created Knights Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, the principal holders of that rank, since de-



Sir Allan Napier MacNab, Bart.
Created a Baronet in 1850

ceased, being Sir Alexander Gait, Sir John Rose and Sir Oliver Mowat. Lord Strathcona, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Richard Cartwright and Sir Wilfrid Laurier are the only living Canadians entitled to attach G.C.M.G. after their names.

The titles which are more numerous bestowed on Canadians are of the Orders of Knights Commander of St. Michael and St. George and Knights Bachelor. Down to this stage all the holders are entitled to prefix "Sir" to their names. Not wearing any title, but still giving the holders an established official and social standing are Companions of the Bath and Companions of St. Michael and St. George, of whom it may be said in the stereotyped phrase, "their names are too numerous to mention," the purpose of this article being to deal more particularly with the higher titles. Several Canadians have been lately created Commanders of the Royal Victorian Order, the last batch having been handed out at the time of the Quebec Centenary last summer.



Sir William Fenwick Williams, K.G.C.B.
Created Knight Grand Cross of the Bath in 1875,
a title which has since then conferred on
one Canadian since then.



Sir Charles Tupper, Bart.

Created a Baronet in 1888. Since then only one Canadian, Sir Edward Carson, Bart., has been similarly honored.



Sir Edward Gordon Johnson, Bart.

The Fifth Baronet and the Holder of the Oldest Canadian Title of Earl Rank.

when such men as Sir George Drummond, Mr. Byron E. Walker, Hon. Adolphe Turgeon, Mr. Joseph Pope and General Otter, received the honor, Earl Grey receiving the higher decoration of Knight Grand Cross of the Order. There were also several knightships at that time.

The Victorian Order dates from 1896, and was designated as a recognition of personal service to Queen Victoria, but since her death it has been increased in numbers. There are five classes in the order.

The Order of St. Michael and St. George, out of which the greater number of Canadian honours are derived, dates back to 1818, having been originally established to commemorate the placing of the Ionian Islands under the protectorate of Great Britain, but it was not made applicable to the colonies until about 1895. Originally small, the members of the order were successively enlarged until it has

become assignable to any person who had rendered valuable services, either in colonial or foreign affairs.

Knights Bachelors do not strictly constitute an order, and the designation is the simple prefix "Sir." There is no decoration attached, and there is no limit to the numbers, neither are there any officers.

Besides the above, there are the Order of Merit and the Imperial Service Order, instituted by King Edward in 1902, and a number of Canadians have of late come in for some of those decorations, the latter being intended to reward long service, particularly in the Civil Service, the former being applicable to any department whatever — war, science, literature or art.

Of late years, the conferring of honors has followed more in the lines of rewarding citizens who have made themselves shining marks in a philanthropic, social, judicial, administra-

tive and social sense, rather than as political rewards. Thus it is that lieutenant-governors, judges of the higher courts, first ministers of provinces, extensive givers to educational and other worthy causes and leaders in commercial life, are frequently given titles. Among that class we find Sir George Drummond, Sir Louis Davies, Sir Sanford Fleming, Sir James Grant, Sir Louis Jetté, Sir Percy Lake, Sir Daniel McMillan, Sir



Rt. Hon. Sir John Ross, Bart., P.C., G.C.M.G.
Finance Minister of Canada 1879



Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., Created
Second Son of Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., Created
a K.C.M.G. in 1890

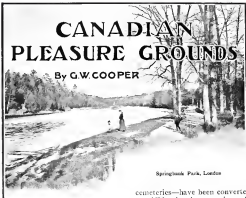
William Van Horne, all K.C.M.G.'s, while in the ranks of Knights Bachelor are found, such men as Sir Montagu Allan, Sir Mortimer Clark, Sir Wm. Falconbridge, Sir George Gorman, Sir Lorne Gouin, Sir Hugh Graham, Sir William Macdonald, Sir Henry Pellatt, Sir William Meredith, Sir Charles Moss, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Sir Henry Strong, Sir Melbourne Talbot, Sir Thomas Taylor and Sir James Whitney.



Sir George Etienne Cartier, Bart.
Created a Baronet in 1868 for his services
to the Country

CANADIAN PLEASURE GROUNDS

By G.W. COOPER



Springbank Park, London

WHENEVER a busy man is over-worried, the doctor prescribes the country; and when any of us are depressed by care or trouble, our cure is the sight of our chosen hills. That is if we have money wherewith to fly the town; but if we have none of that valuable commodity to spare, what can we do when the thirst for the hills burns in us, or when the "spring fever" makes its annual visit? We can do the next best thing and visit the park or stop in the square and sit and drink in some sunshine and afterwards go on our way refreshed. That is if our city fathers are alive to the necessity for open air spaces for our healthful recreation. It is often objected that tramps occupy all the beaches; but is it not cheaper to supply a tramp with a bench in a park than to supply him with a cell in jail? There is a conscious or unconscious sensibility, to the beauty of the natural world, which in many men becomes a passion, and to which even a tramp can respond.

In London, England, almost a hundred open spaces—many of them old

cemeteries—have been converted into children's playgrounds and old folks resting places. Who shall say that London is not better for this? "Nothing is so costly," it has been well said, "as sickness, disease and vice; nothing so cheap as health and virtue." Rochester, N.Y., is a bright and shining example of this with the lowest death rate and the best park system in the State of New York. It would not be a difficult matter to prove the correlation of these two facts. In addition, Rochester is known far and wide as "The City Beautiful" and "The Flower City." This is advertising which would be cheap at almost any cost, but how cheaply it is gained in addition to the improved conditions of living, which prevail in that city. What Canadian city is there which can longer afford to neglect this sort of public improvement, bringing, as it does, not only health and enjoyment to the citizens, but renown and visitors from abroad?

The public pleasure grounds of any community comprise all such public open spaces as are acquired or arranged for the purpose of providing favorable opportunities for

SOME REPRESENTATIVE CANADIAN PLEASURE GROUNDS

healthful recreation in the open air. Among these are included boulevards, squares, landscape parks, botanic gardens and playgrounds. The semi-public pleasure grounds include railway station grounds and exhibition parks.

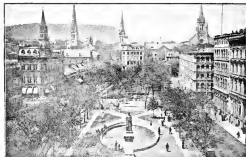
The city parks should be places of quiet resort for people who cannot take the time or who have not the strength to go often to the country to find refreshment. Within them should be all possible quiet, together with everything that may call to mind the happy peace of the country and make us forget the town. The ground should have some pleasant variety of surface with both wood and open ground, some water if possible and perhaps some one point from which to view the world around and outside. The city squares should provide a resting and breathing place and a touch of green in the midst of the city's turmoil. The grounds around public buildings should be a setting for the architecture and especially when these buildings are schools, the planting

may be made of great educational value by the labeling of the trees and shrubs. The botanic gardens are our greatest source of information as to the hardiness and usefulness of all the thousands of varieties of ornamental trees, shrubs and plants which are in use to-day. And last, but not least, the school garden and playgrounds are bringing our children into closer touch with nature and influencing them in a happy direction at the stage in their life when they are most affected by their environment.

Probably the best known of all the parks in the Dominion is Queen Victoria Park at Niagara Falls. It has in it all the elements which go to make up a beautiful landscape park. It consists of about 150 acres on the shore of the Niagara River, extending back to the bluff of the Niagara highlands and along the shore from below the Falls to the Dufferin Islands above them. Combining, as it does, this nearly unparalleled location, together with good native planting, open lawns, facilities for



Scene in the Public Gardens, Halifax



Victoria Square, one of Montreal's Central Breathing Places

outdoor sport, such as baseball and tennis and at the upper and more wild portion for bathing, fishing and camping, it has a great future before it and with careful development should some day deserve the name of the Canadian National Park. The architecture of the power plants situated along the shores of the river is very good, and in one instance almost good enough to justify their intrusion into the park.

Montreal has 35 public parks, aggregating in all 750 acres. The present system dates back to 1876, and about \$100,000 are expended yearly. There are three large parks, Mount Royal, St. Helen's Island and Parc LaFontaine. Mount Royal rises directly behind the city and is covered to the summit with beautiful trees. From it may be had a fine view of the valleys of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers and from the observatory, 740 feet above the river, the oldest hills known to man, the Laurentian Mountains, can be seen. The Island of St. Helen was leased to the city by the Government in 1874. It contains 128 acres and is located about one mile from the city.

Originally, a garrison under the British regime, a portion of it is still reserved for military purposes and the old fort is extremely well preserved as also an ancient wooden blockhouse on the crown of the hill. These are two good examples of the land that should be set aside and held in public trust. The one has grand scenery and vegetation and the other serves to keep green in our memory the historic events of the past.

Toronto, with its 30 parks, totaling 1,775 acres, is well supplied with open air spaces. The most central are Queen's Park, which surrounds the Provincial Parliament Buildings, Allen Gardens and the Normal School grounds. Queen's Park contains many fine old oaks which are in an excellent state of preservation. In the northern section of the city lie the Rosedale ravines, Reservoir Park and some fine cemeteries. To the east are Riverdale Park and the Zoo, as well as Victoria and Menro Parks. Along the lake shore to the west is the Exhibition Park, where the Canadian National Exposition is held each

SOME REPRESENTATIVE CANADIAN PLEASURE GROUNDS

fall, and the valley of the Humber River. Across the bay and two miles from the city lies "The Island," which comprises 325 acres, divided into three parts. One part is for baseball and other outdoor performances, one is laid out with wide stretches of lawn, shade trees and lagoons, along which are cottages, boat houses and pavilions, while the third portion is a favorite haunt of fishermen. This is to be recommended as illustrating an ideal division of a public open pleasure ground since the most diversified tastes may here be satisfied. Toronto spends about fifty cents per head of population per year on her parks.

One of the most useful and to some people the most interesting public parks in the whole Dominion is the Arboretum and Botanic garden at the Central Experimental Farms at Ottawa. Here, under the direction of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, an area of 65 acres of the Central Farms is devoted to a collection of trees, plants and shrubs from all parts of the world. There have been many thousand species tested and the results serve not only as a source of information to plant lovers throughout the

Dominion, but advertise abroad how great a number of plants are hardy in our climate and thus dispel many doubts as to the resources of Canada in the way of plant life. This Arboretum is now much visited and an increasing interest is manifested in the progress of this work, not only by botanists, but by the general public.

The beginning of the famous Halifax Public Gardens was a very humble one. Originally a bog, the land was filled in a little at a time and the trees and plants were at first contributed by interested citizens from their own premises. The gardens now contain many fine specimens of native and exotic trees, plants and shrubs, and are not only a great credit to the city and the Dominion at large, but the object of a great deal of admiration both at home and abroad. Point Pleasant Park at Halifax contains 186 acres and was deeded to the city in 1870 by the Imperial Government for a term of 999 years. It contains three forts that command the entrance of the harbor, and a natural growth of pine, hemlock and spruce, and is well supplied with shrubs and deciduous trees. There is also about one acre of Scotch heather which is naturally



Victoria Park, Berlin

an object of great interest to visitors. The control of this park is vested in a commission and \$8,500 a year is spent on maintenance. The commons is a tract of land given to the citizens of Halifax by George the Third. It contains 235 acres, and is used as a parade ground and for cricket, football, baseball and quarts. It has many large shade trees and a wading pool for the children which also affords skating in the winter. There are also, in Halifax, five smaller parks, which, together with the Commons and the Public Gardens, are placed under the control of a distinct commission.

London is so fortunate as to possess a breathing place nearly in the heart of the city and close to the main business corner. This is Victoria Park, which contains the area of three city blocks, has many fine shade trees and is carefully laid out and tended. The Exhibition Grounds or Queen's Park, as it is called, is owned by the city and used for two weeks in the year for the purpose of holding the Western Fair, while the rest of the year it is open to the public as an adjunct to the city parks. The race track enclosure is used for athletic contests, for which it is well adapted, owing to a good track and large grandstand. The city also owns and controls through the water commission, about 300 acres of land situated along both banks of the Thames River. This property, which is called Springbank, is easily reached by trolley, and is therefore very accessible. It contains the pumping station for the city water supply, a pavilion, several retiring buildings and a bandstand. So admirably has Nature provided for this park that little is left to do except to open up roads and paths, judiciously thin out the woodlands and dress them down with shrubbery. If this property be held and its development placed in competent hands, it is destined some day to be one of the finest scenic parks in the

whole Dominion. The London park area totals about 350 acres, of which Springbank contains 295 and Victoria Park 16. The grounds of the Provincial Insane Asylum, situated at London, are notable for the large number of fine trees which they contain.

In the Victoria Park at Berlin there is also another near approach to the ideal in a city park. This lies within four blocks of the heart of the town and yet contains fifty acres or more. It has running water and a lake of an acre or so in extent, as well as a picnic grove which is visited annually by hundreds of people from nearby towns. Then, too, there is also an athletic field, in a corner by itself, which is not only a source of income to the Park Commission, but a constant means of healthful outdoor exercise to the younger people of the town. Several hundred dollars are yearly turned into the park fund by the rental of this field for band concerts and the like, and hundreds of people are annually drawn to the city by the attractions of the picnic grove. Taken all in all, it is a very paying investment to the town and an example which might profitably be followed by other municipalities.

At Winnipeg an example has been set for the rest of the Dominion which is deserving of notice. In 15 years there has been developed on the treeless prairie a large park system and boulevards have been laid out and planted on over 100 streets. Up till 1907 something over 12,000 trees had been planted on these boulevards with a very small percentage of loss. Attention is now being turned toward playgrounds and one is being provided in the largest park. This latter is called Assiniboine and has been developed recently from 283 acres of naturally beautiful woodland and prairie along the Assiniboine River. There are ten smaller parks and squares, of less than five acres each, under the



[Clearing Vista in High Park, Toronto]

control of the Public Parks Board, as well as St. John's and St. James' Parks of 10 1-2 and six acres respectively. A sum not exceeding one-half mill on the dollar of assessed property is expended yearly by the board and the results are gratifying, to say the least. This shows what the careful following out of plans prepared by a skilled landscape architect will produce and should be a lesson to some of the "penny wise and pound foolish"

municipalities of the Dominion. At Regina the same wise policy was followed and the grounds around the Parliament Buildings were laid out and planted before the buildings were erected.

The City of Regina recently planted two new parks. One, called Victoria Park, is in the heart of the city and comprises the area of two city blocks, and the other, of sixty acres in extent, is called Wascana Park, and is adjoining the new Parliament grounds



Rustic Bridge in Reservoir Park, Toronto



View up Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg

Both are arranged artistically and planted generously. The drives from Wascana Park connect with those in the Parliament Park, so as to form a continuous landscape effect and the grounds of both slope to the shores of Wascana Lake. Edmonton is also looking forward foresightedly to a day when it will be as well favored with parks as Regina. The Alberta Government is now constructing a park around the new Government Buildings, which are located on the bank of the North Saskatchewan River, of which they command a magnificent view as well as of the surrounding country.

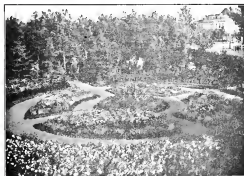
Vancouver has, in addition to a few small squares, only two parks, but these are very worthy of notice. The largest, called Stanley Park, contains 1,000 acres, and is still largely in its natural state, except for a few small areas which have been cleared for picnics and other amusements. The park occupies a peninsula lying between Coal Harbor and the Gulf of Georgia, and is nearly surrounded by these two bodies of water. From some parts of the park the Mountains of Vancouver Island may be seen across 20 miles of water and the view from

any part of the park is beautiful, since the mountains, which rise 2,000 feet, are close at hand. There are, in this park, 12 miles of very fine drives through the natural forest of fir, cedar, alder, birch, hemlock and spruce. Along the five miles of trails and footpaths through the dense forests of the park are found some giant trees. The largest of these trees are the cedars, which have attained 66 feet in circumference. The fir trees here rise to a height of 350 feet and a circumference of 24 feet. All summer long the park is visited by hundreds of people attracted by the beauties of the spot and the fine bathing facilities along the shores. The other large park in Vancouver is Hastings Park, which was given to the city by the Provincial Government. This consists of 260 acres fronting on Burrard Inlet, which stretches away for miles at the base of the mountains. The intention of the city is to turn this into an exhibition park.

The first impressions of a town are apt to be the most lasting and yet how often we get them from a railway coach and look out upon a poor station in a setting of cinders and board walks. Fortunately the rail-

roads are slowly erecting stations which are in many instances in very good taste. Our Canadian railways have now begun to devote some attention to station surroundings, but great opportunities still await a transforming hand in the making over of the ugly gateways to our cities. It is now over ten years since the Canadian Pacific Railway commenced to give away to its station employees flower seeds in the spring and bulbs in the fall. These are supplemented each year by handsome little booklets of advice and encouragement. The men have taken a keen interest in the cultivation of flowers as is shown by the fact that this spring tens of thousands of packets of seeds will be required to

supply their requests. From St. John to Vancouver the men have written the Floral Department for seeds and booklets. No rules are made concerning the cultivation of these flowers, this work being entirely voluntary on the part of the employees. Not only do they derive enjoyment themselves but they give pleasure to the thousands of passengers on the trains. Then, too, when the improvement of the station grounds commences more attention is paid to fences and general surroundings, the good example spreads in the neighborhood and the result benefits all concerned, especially in the way of a good first impression of the community on the part of the traveling public.



Elaborate Floral Effects at the Regina Railway Station

The Right Kind of Journalism*

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

From the Outlook

IFIRST came into close contact with The Outlook when Governor of New York, ten years ago, and I speedily grew to have a peculiar feeling of respect and regard for Dr. Abbott and his associates. We did not always agree, and as our convictions were strong our disagreements were sometimes positive, but experience taught me that, in the first place, Dr. Abbott and his associates always conscientiously strove to be fair, and that, in the second place, they not only desired to tell the truth, but made a serious endeavor to find out the facts. I found, moreover, that they combined to a peculiar degree a number of qualities, each of them good, but rarely found in combination.

Every owner, editor, or reporter of a conscientiously and ably conducted newspaper or periodical is an asset of real value to the whole community. It would be difficult to overestimate the amount of good which can be done by the men responsible for such a publication—responsible for its editorial columns, responsible for its news columns, responsible for its general policy. We have many newspapers and periodicals, big and little, of this kind. But we also have many that are emphatically not of this kind.

During the last few years it has become lamentably evident that certain daily newspapers, certain periodicals, are owned or controlled by men of vast wealth who have gained their wealth in evil fashion, who desire to stifle or twist the honest expression of public opinion, and who find an instrument fit for their purpose in the guided and purchased mendacity of those who edit and write for such papers and periodicals. This style of sordid evil does not even constitute a temptation to The Outlook; no influence of any kind could make the men who control The Outlook so much as consider the question of abandonment of duty; and they hold as their first duty inflexible adherence to the elementary virtues of entire truth, entire courage, entire honesty.

Moreover, they are as far removed as the poles from the apostles of that hideous yellow journalism which defies the cult of the mendacious, the sensational, and the insane, and which, throughout its wide but vapid field, does as much to vulgarize and degrade the popular taste, to weaken the popular character, and to dull the edge of the popular conscience, as any influence under which the country can suffer. These men sneer at the very idea of paying heed to the dictates of a sound morality; as one of their number has cynically put it, they are concerned merely with selling the public whatever the public will

buy—a theory of conduct which would justify the existence of every keeper of an opium den, of every foul creature who ministers to the vices of mankind. Here, again, it is perhaps not especially to the credit of Dr. Abbott and his associates that they have avoided this pit; fortunately, they are so constituted that it is a simple impossibility for them to fall into it.

But they do deserve very great credit for avoiding another type of temptation which has much fascination for men of cultivation and of refined taste, and which is quite as fatal to their usefulness as indulgence in yellow journalism. A newspaper or periodical which avoids vulgar sensationalism, which takes and cultivates an interest in serious matters, and things literary, artistic, and scientific—which, in short, appeals to people of taste, intelligence, and cultivation—may nevertheless do them grave harm, and be within its own rather narrow limits an element of serious mischief; for it may habitually and consistently practice a malign and slanderous untruthfulness which, though more refined than, is at least as immoral as, the screaming sensationalism of any representative of the journalism which it affects to despise. A cultivated man of good intelligence who has acquired the knack of saying bitter things, but who lacks the robustness which will enable him to feel at ease among strong men of action, is apt, if his nature has in it anything of meanness or untruthfulness, to strive for a reputation in what is to him the easiest way. He can find no work which is easier—and less worth doing—than to sit in cloistered aloofness from the men who wage the real and important struggles of life and to endeavor, by an unceasing output of slander in regard to them, to bolster up his own uneasy desire to be considered superior to them. Now a paper edited by men of this stamp does

not have much popular influence, and therefore is less detrimental to the people at large than yellow journalism; but it may, to the extent of its power, exert a very real influence for evil, by the way in which it teaches young men of good education, whose talents should be at their country's service, that decent and upright public men are as properly suspects of foul attack as the most debased corruptionist; that efficiency and wickedness are interchangeable, and that the correct attitude to adopt, in facing the giant problems of our great and troubled time, is one of sneering and supercilious untruthfulness.

Dr. Abbott and his associates have avoided this pitfall also. With them cultivation and good taste have not implied weakness. Demand for righteousness in others has not led to abandonment of truth on their own part.

The Outlook has stood for righteousness, but it has never been self-righteous. It stands for the things of the spirit, and yet it remembers the needs of the body. It serves lofty ideals, it believes in a lofty idealism. But it knows that common sense is essential above all other qualities to the idealist; for an idealist without common sense, without the capacity to work in hard, practical fashion for actual results, is merely a boat that is all sails, and with neither ballast nor rudder. The Outlook's belief in gentleness and tenderness, in the spirit of brotherly love, never blinds it to the necessity of cultivating those hardy, rugged, and vigorous qualities for the want of which in the individual, as in the Nation, no gentleness, no cultivation, and, above all, no gift of money-making and no self-indulgence in the soft ease of living, can in any way atone.

The Outlook has shown a fine scorn of untruth in every form, of unfairness and injustice to any man or any cause. It is not given to

*This is ex-President Roosevelt's first contribution, as associate editor, to the Outlook. In a similar title it is "Way I Believe in the Right of Average Journalism for Which the Outlook stands."

humanity never to err; but The Outlook makes a resolute effort to find out what the facts actually are before passing judgment. With its earnestness and strength of conviction go hand in hand with a sincere desire to see and to state the other man's point of view. It believes that things in this world can be made better, but it does not endorse quixotic movements which would merely leave things worse. It champions the rights of the many. It desires in every way to represent, to guide aright, and to uphold the interests of those whom Abraham Lincoln called the plain people. It feels a peculiar desire to do all that can be done for the poor and the oppressed, and to help upward those struggling to better themselves. But it has no sympathy with moral weakness or sentimentality. All that it can do it does and will do for the cause of labor; but it will in no shape or way condone violence or disorder. It stands for the rights of property, and therefore against the abuses of property. It believes in a wise individualism, and in encouragement of individual initiative; and

therefore all the more it believes in using the collective force of the whole people to do what but for the use of that collective force must be left undone.

I am glad to be associated with Dr. Abbott and the group of men and women he has gathered around him, because they practice what they preach; and because they preach the things that are most necessary to the salvation of this people. It is their earnest belief that every man must earn enough to support himself and those dependent upon him; but that when once this has been accomplished, money immediately becomes secondary to many other things. In this matter The Outlook puts its principles into practice. It strives in proper ways to make money. If it did not make money it could not be run at all. But making money is not the prime reason for its existence. The first question asked when any matter of policy arises, so far as The Outlook is concerned, is whether or not a given course is right, and should be followed because it is in the real and lasting interest of the Nation.



THE publication of a memoir of the public services of Lord Halliburton is a well-deserved tribute to the memory of an administrator of exceptional ability, who labored for many years quietly and unobtrusively as a permanent officer of the British War Office. Governments rose and governments fell, new ministries were formed and old ones dissolved, but the stability of the administration was continued through it all by the presence of trained and experienced civil servants like Lord Halliburton.

As Canadians, we have a dual interest in the life story of Lord Halliburton. Not only was he a native of Canada, but his father was that famous Nova Scotian, Judge Halliburton, the author of "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," and the inventor, according to Artemus Ward, of American humor.

Arthur Lawrence Halliburton was born at Windsor, N.S., on December 26, 1832. His father had been born in the same province in 1796 and was at the time of his son's birth,

Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in Nova Scotia, having attained to the dignity of that position at the early age of thirty-two years.

Together with his two brothers, Thomas, who became famous as a musician, and Robert, who entered the law, he was educated at his father's alma mater, King's College, Windsor, N.S., the oldest university in the colonies and the only one possessing a Royal

Charter. The place of its original foundation had been New York, but after the great disruption of 1775 it had migrated to Nova Scotia and in that loyal atmosphere had retained the Tory traditions of its Oxford prototypes. Among the pupils



Lord Halliburton



Traveling Dr. Lane in Africa



Birthplace of Lord Haliburton, Windsor, N.S.



Thos. Haliburton

The Author of "Rass Blak"

of a generation senior to the Haliburtons were the two distinguished soldiers, Sir John Eardley Inglis, the defender of Lucknow, and Sir William Fenwick Williams, the defender of Kars.

Lord Haliburton was always attached to King's College and in 1809 accepted from it the honorary degree of D.C.L.

His original vocation was for the law and he was duly called to the Nova Scotia bar in 1855. His legal studies and legal training were destined to be of invaluable service to

him in later years. But at this moment the outbreak of the Crimean War turned his ambitions into a different channel. He received a commission in the recreated Commissariat Department of the Army and was promptly despatched to Turkey. Though he was never actually at the seat of hostilities in the Crimea, he learnt invaluable lessons connected with the needs of an army in the field.

In 1837 Haliburton was posted to the forces stationed in Canada and in 1839 received his commission as

Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General, being recalled to England in the following year. Then began that period of desk and office work which, with a single break, was to continue until his retirement in 1897. His advance was rapid and by 1877 he was holding the office of Director of Supplies and Transports.

During Lord Wolseley's Nile campaign of 1884-1885, his arrangements were so perfect in face of unparalleled difficulties, that that great soldier wrote him a personal note on the completion of the campaign, expressing unstinted praise of his work. "On the strength of this testimonial," says the author, "Haliburton might almost dispute with Sir Edward Ward the fame of being the best commissariat officer since Moses." In substantial recognition of his services, Haliburton was made a K.C.B. in 1885.

In 1887, the office of Director of Supplies was abolished and Haliburton became assistant Under-Secretary of State for War. In 1895 he became permanent Under-Secretary and from March, 1896, to September, 1897, was the crown of his active career. For the first time he enjoyed a full measure of independence and responsibility. He was now one of that little hierarchy of the permanent heads of departments on whom the whole fabric of administration rests, and few have emerged from the ordeal with a higher record.

An accident in 1889 had led to increasing lameness and a fall in the spring of 1897 made him permanently dependent upon crutches. The time had come when he was entitled to claim his release from toil and responsibility. On the birthday immediately preceding his retirement he was admitted to the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

In the birthday Honor List of 1900, Haliburton's name figured

among those upon whom her late Majesty was graciously pleased to confer a peerage. As a loyal Canadian he took the title of "Baron Haliburton of Windsor in the Province of Nova Scotia and Dominion of Canada." His death occurred on April 21, 1907.

The author of the Memoir, J. B. Athlay concludes the book with the following eulogy, "Of servants such as he was any nation may be proud. And to the ability and rectitude which he showed through all his long official career he added, in private life, the charm of a singularly gracious and kindly nature, of a large and generous mind, and of the liability either to give or to take offence. His public work brought him the respect of all acquainted with him. His personal character endeared him to all who knew him. He died full of honors and warm in the affection of his many friends. And the honors and the affection were alike deserved."

To his early upbringing in Canada, Mr. Athlay attributes his fearlessness of official etiquette and his strength of opinion, founded on knowledge and true judgment.

"One of the noblest and finest men I have ever known," is the tribute paid to his memory by a distinguished soldier, who had been brought in to constant contact with him officially, and had been admitted to close intimacy with him in private life. From early manhood Haliburton's great abilities and immense powers of work had been placed unreservedly and ungrudgingly at the disposal of his country; and at a period when he might justly have claimed exemption from all further liability he still labored hard to further what he judged to be the true interests of the Army and the nation.

*Lord Haliburton. By J. B. Athlay. Toronto: William Briggs.

The Lost Empire of England?

By WALTER FREWEN LORD

From the Nineteenth Century

WE Englishmen should face the present situation with more dignity if we were not so ignorant of history. For many centuries our foes have been all to the south; so of course our ports and defences look southward. With the exception of one short period of rivalry with Holland we have had no foe to the eastward till the last fifteen years. Consequently we have no preparations. To provide the necessary ports and defences is not "unfriendly," but only the most ordinary common sense.

Similarly, people continue to talk about Germany as if that mighty power were still the Prussia of the Convention of Olmutz. The best way to understand the question is to talk it over in German with Germans; one does so to some advantage if one has known the country and the language for more than thirty years. The following abstract is the "boiling down" of many a long talk with men of character and ambition and patriotism, who know what they are talking about:

"For us the conquest of England is a historical necessity. We are quite sure of our future; sooner or later we are certain to beat you by force of money-bags. We have a population already half as large again as yours. We increase more rapidly than you. Our vitality grows higher daily; yours is lower and lower every day. For this there are reasons. Your land is ruined by

Free Trade, and your rural population is scattered or has migrated to the towns. Every week your enterprising citizens leave the country, while their places are taken by the scum of our population. All that is a great source of weakness to you and of strength to us. We have composed all our internal differences; you have new differences growing more and more bitter every day.

"If you changed your financial policy you could deal us a serious blow, for we are growing rich on your spoils. But you will not dare to do that; your Radicals will not allow it. We are in no hurry. You might still make yourselves strong by union with your colonies; but, there again, your Radicals will not allow that.

"We shall build and build against you until the burden is too heavy for you to bear, and then you will have to take our orders. There is one chance of a settlement with you at an early date; it is that we might catch you napping. If, at any time, we could strike with a clear majority of ships in our favor—owing to your fleet being scattered—that would do. For you have no army; if you had one we should not dream of invading you. When once we are in the country the result is a foregone conclusion."

So speak these manly, courteous, downright Germans; gallant friends to-day, gallant and most formidable foes to-morrow. How far short of

this robust and intelligent tone do we fall in England! One day we are indignant at remarks which might "hurt the Germans' feelings," as if the Germans were neurotic imbeciles and not live men. Another day we grow violent over German "espionage"—as if espionage were not a perfectly legitimate preliminary to warfare. In fact, we indulge in every emotion except the sober intention to ascertain the facts and profit by our knowledge.

On the 25th of September, 1908, the distribution of the fleet was as follows: "Six battleships (Channel Fleet) were at Scarborough, eight were at the Home ports, viz. three at Chatham, three at Portsmouth, two at Devonport; four of these were ready for sea and four were refitting. At the same date nine (Home Fleet) were at Cromarty, two were in the neighborhood of the Nore, and one was at Devonport." This was the disposition of the Home and Channel Fleets on the date named, as described by the First Lord of the Admiralty on the 4th of November, 1908. Interrogated as to whether such a thing was likely to occur again, the First Lord replied in the affirmative.

Thus we have it on the authority of the First Lord of the Admiralty that he has already on one occasion placed the Home and Channel Fleets in precisely the position in which my German friends would like to find them for greater convenience of destruction, and we also know that he intends to repeat that operation.

On the 25th of September eighteen German battleships were at Heligoland; but the First Lord was officially unaware of the fact.

It is not necessary to understand the technicalities of naval warfare in order to appreciate the situation of the 25th of September, 1908; it suffices if one understands that six is a smaller number than eighteen. The Germans are as cautious as they are brave, and have no intention of

running any risks. They know that many opportunities of attacking, with an overwhelming superiority, will be granted them, and they will choose that which is most convenient for themselves. In the meantime, they are not perfectly sure of their ships or of their crews; but they are continually practising for the great day; all honor to them; all shame to us if they succeed.

There are limits to their courtesy in discussing the invasion of England. You must not inquire why their High Sea Fleet never goes on the high seas; the answer being of course that it is not meant to go on the high seas, and is only built for one rush and for one campaign. Also, if they say that their fleet is built to protect their commerce, you must accept that explanation. Do not ask why it is always in Europe instead of suppressing piracy off Singapore; they do not just about such matters.

With respect to this question of warfare, one of the greatest difficulties to be overcome is the jeer that Radicals always level at civilians who "pretend to understand warfare." Technicalities we may not understand, but we can understand that it is no use throwing stones at a man who is armed with a rifle; you do not even annoy him; and he chooses his own time to shoot you down. This is the position to which we were nearly reduced on the 25th of September, 1908.

"No blood tax," "No militarism," "Universal brotherhood," and so on cry the Radicals; all of which sentimentalisms are synonyms for one ugly word—cowardice. Compare these catchwords—which always get a cheer from the audiences of this anæmic generation—with the phrases on the lips of Germans: "Deutschland über Alles," "Alle für Kaiser und Reich," "Our future lies on the Sea," "The trident must be in our grasp." These are words befitting a great, proud, successful

and ambitious people. While we cower and shiver at the thought of war, they prepare; exultingly noting the dementia of a great nation which has deliberately confided its interests to its unavowed but, none the less, most dire enemies.

Lord Roberts tells us that the advance-guard of invasion is already here, 80,000 strong. One would suppose that this would be conclusive. Cite that grave warning to Radicals and what do they say? Many things—all foolish—but the most ridiculous reply that I have encountered is the fatuous return question "Where are they?" Where do these mock innocents suppose they are? Do they expect to have them paraded in Hyde Park for their inspection? Of course it is the business of a secret agent to remain in secrecy. Anybody except one willfully blind could see that.

We come to the condition of the people—a frightful spectacle. Too many Englishmen are living in conditions to which we would not condemn our pet animals. The infernal gospel of cheapness, to which the Radicals are so devoted, is responsible for this. Here we may profitably consider another of Magee's famous addresses. It was on the Ten Commandments. It is hard to be original about the Ten Commandments; but Magee performed this difficult task. At that date the rule of English agriculture was rapidly drawing near, and with it the loss of our agricultural population—the most serious blow yet dealt at the strength of this country. The first wealth of a country, said Magee, is its manhood. The Ten Commandments are the basis of a well-ordered State, and dire was the punishment of misconduct enjoined by Moses. But, on the other hand, how handsomely was virtue rewarded! How careful was Moses of the health of the chosen people, of their food, and their family life!

How was every man cherished and rewarded so long as he was a good citizen! As for the "stranger within the gate"—he might have the belongings of the chosen people. Now, said Magee, remove the reward of virtue, and maintain the dire punishment for wrong-doing, and where is your well-ordered State? We have traveled far in thirty years; we have done exactly what Magee warned us not to do. We do not cherish our manhood. We only cherish our good-for-nothings; they are the only class that the State encourages—the rest may go hang.

Ignorance is our enemy; it seems as if it would be our conqueror. How great that ignorance is may be realized from some remarks of the late Professor Huxley made twenty years ago. We were then just beginning to talk "Imperialism." At that date Huxley did not like it. He thought that England would do better to renounce a policy which he thought "grasping," and to subside, contentedly, into a second Holland, a country without dependencies, whose history was wound up. Even Huxley was really ignorant of the fact that Holland was possessed of the largest Colonial Empire in existence after our own. He was also unaware that England had conquered that Empire (much of it twice) and handed it back to the Dutch, which is hardly a "grasping" policy. So I listened in respectful silence and mentally sketched the "Lost Empires of the modern world." Lord Rosebery's definition of the British Empire cannot be too clearly kept in mind: the "greatest secular agency for good now existing in the world."

Any suggestion for overcoming our ignorance must be made on the supposition that Germany grants us time. We are now existing on German sufferance. If she chooses to strike she can write the "Lost Empire of England" at her leisure.

"The Man Who Never Sleeps"

Herald Magazine

IF some one told you that a man could get along year in and year out with only three or four hours' sleep out of every twenty-four and meanwhile carry on his shoulders more business responsibility than a half-dozen ordinary men you probably would not believe it. But there is such a man in New York City. It is Herman A. Metz, Controller, who because of his remarkable activity is called by the men in his office "The Man Who Never Sleeps."

He never sleeps as much as seven or eight hours at a stretch. He very seldom sleeps more than three and a half or four hours. He usually sleeps three. And he has done it for years.

Still, if you should see him bustle into his office some morning at eight o'clock you would think he had enjoyed a full night's rest and topped it off with a Turkish bath. He once said if he slept eight or nine hours without interruption he would not get over it for a week. His mind works with lightning-like rapidity when he has his customary three or four hours' rest; it works more slowly when he has a prolonged sleep. Lack of mental rest seems to keep him in the pink of condition. Here is his actual routine for one twenty-four hour period within the last ten days:

8 to 9 a.m.—Attended to personal business.

9 a.m. to 1 p.m.—Signed papers, received visitors and looked after

the thousand and one details of the Controller's office.

1 to 2 p.m.—Had luncheon with four men who had business appointments with him.

2 to 2.30 p.m.—Looked after his personal correspondence.

2.30 to 3.30 p.m.—Attended a meeting of the Board of Estimate.

3.30 to 6.30 p.m.—Performed duties of Controller and received at least one hundred visitors.

6.30 to 7 p.m.—Got shaved and massaged and put on evening clothes.

7.30 p.m.—Attended banquet at Engineers' Club.

9 p.m.—Went to second banquet at Rector's.

10.30 p.m.—Dropped in at a theatre box party.

11.30 p.m.—Made a speech at a political banquet.

12.30 a.m.—Joined a sapper party at an uptown restaurant.

2 a.m.—Started for Brooklyn in an automobile.

3 a.m.—Played a game of billiards at the Brooklyn Democratic Club.

4 a.m.—Went home and to bed.

7 a.m.—Got up to prepare for another day's affairs.

There is nothing unusual in this for Mr. Metz. Frequently he goes to three and four banquets in a single night, staying a few minutes at each. Neither is he a stranger in the all night restaurants in upper Broadway. He is known in them all, just as he is known in all the theatres and clubs.

Getting around as he does is partly business with him, although he declares that he enjoys every minute of his time. More than that, it agrees with him.

Never since he became a full-fledged business man has he made a practise of sleeping six, seven or eight hours, as the average man does. And he never gets up with a headache or with a tired feeling.

"It is time wasted to sleep eight or nine hours," said he to a Herald reporter. "Figure it out. Say a man sleeps four hours a night instead of eight. He saves 1,460 hours in a year, or 172 working days, of eight hours each, which is the time usually given to business. Now, see what that means. Say a man's earning capacity is \$10 a day. He is throwing away \$1,800 a year, assuming of course that the time saved is devoted to earning money. In ten years, figuring his earning capacity at \$80 a day, he would have made \$18,000. Say he can earn \$25 a day, which is modest enough. In ten years he would have thrown away \$45,000 worth of time. Now say he is worth \$100 a day, which thousands of men are. He loses \$182,000. That's worth thinking over a bit. I find no trouble in getting along with—"

"Beg pardon, Mr. Metz, a delegation of Bronx taxpayers to see you."

The Controller's secretary had interrupted. Five minutes later the busy official returned to the interviewer. He had listened to his visitors for a minute or so. Then he checked them. He had grasped what they had in mind long before they had a good start with their explanation. Then he gave his answer to them in a jiffy, slapped each one on the back, accompanied it with an invitation to come again and sent them on their way smiling. He does in ten minutes what many business men will spend hours over. He gallops through long re-

ports and complicated, technical documents, comprehending them fully, and goes along, never turning the pages back to re-read them.

He will talk to a group of visitors for two or three minutes, turn to another and discuss an entirely different topic and meanwhile put his signature to papers brought in by his chief clerks and answer hurried questions put to him by his secretaries. He is indeed a live wire. He talks like a streak of lightning and thinks faster than he can talk. When he dictates his stenographers are put to their wits' end to keep up with him.

And he does it all on three and four hours' sleep.

"Don't you ever feel tired out?" was asked of him.

"Never. If I sleep my allotted time I feel fine and fit. If I oversleep I don't feel in good form. I usually sleep three or four hours and more often three than four. That is enough for any man, in my estimation, if he takes good care of himself, doesn't eat too much, drink too much or in other ways abuse himself."

"What's your advice to people who wish to live as you do and keep their health?"

"Don't worry, don't let others worry you and don't take yourself too d—d seriously. You know the trouble with the great majority of people is that they think they are carrying the responsibilities of the world upon their shoulders. Always remember that you—I mean any one—is just one of a billion. Things would and will go on without you and you won't be missed. So don't try to figure out that you are essential to the world's progress. Just smile and let things run along as they will, always, of course, doing your best at whatever you undertake. With this mental attitude gray hairs won't come early and lines won't streak one's face."

Mr. Metz gives never less than eight or nine hours a day to the city, and he works hard every minute. He wastes little time eating and he spends practically no time reading. His secretaries keep him informed as to what appears in the newspapers. Besides being at the head of the biggest finance department in America, he is at the head also of a big business concern which

has branches in many cities and does a business of millions every year. He started in as an office boy and is now the head of the concern. As such he has an income of several times as large as his salary of \$15,000 as Controller. In fact, he is a man of vast wealth, all of which he made himself. He could retire if he wished, but he believes a man of forty-two should stick to his last.



A Club for Journalists

New Room of the New York Press Club



By R. P. CHESTER

The recent death of Donald Mackay, worthily called "The grand old man of the Canadian dry goods trade," closed a notable mercantile career. He was the acknowledged leader and pioneer in the business

with which he was actively identified for nearly seventy years, and, although in his ninety-fourth year, up to within a couple of months of his death he was a frequent visitor to the wholesale establishment of Gordon, Mackay & Company, Toronto, of which firm he was the head. He was a son of William Mackay, and the parish of Kildonan, Sutherlandshire, Scotland, was his natal spot, the family removing to Lybster in 1810. He inherited the rugged constitution of the stalwart Highland stock, born of the pure mountain air they breathe and the athletic life they lead. He was the youngest of ten

children, and when twenty-one years old, left Scotland for Canada. He had been in this country only a few months when the rebellion of 1837 broke out. With the true instinct of a Highlander he joined the

Loyalists and served throughout that brief but stirring period. His brothers, Joseph and Edward, started the great dry goods house of Mackay Bros. in 1840, which was for years a large factor in the commercial life of the Dominion. Donald Mackay joined them and began a career which was crowned with such remarkable success. He went to Hamilton in 1848, and beginning business for himself, it developed so rapidly



The Late Donald Mackay

that within a few months he took his nephew, the late John Gordon, into partnership, and thus the present big wholesale house of Gordon, Mackay & Company had its inception. The firm built the old

children, and when twenty-one years old, left Scotland for Canada. He had been in this country only a few months when the rebellion of 1837 broke out. With the true instinct of a Highlander he joined the

Lybster cotton mills at Merriton, Ont., in 1861, the industry being named in memory of the place of Mr. Mackay's youth. The mills were operated for years at a large profit. A man of keen foresight, self-reliant disposition, and indomitable will, Mr. Mackay was enabled by good judgment and splendid insight to pilot his business through many a period of storm and stress. During the commercial crises of 1857, 1867 and again in 1878, when financial reverses swept many commercial concerns away, his firm, like a steady oak, defied the blasts of adversity, and came safely out of the crash. The troubles of those disastrous times would have whitened the

hairs of many a business man—not so those of Donald Mackay, who always had a head, well poised, cool and crowned with thick, black hair on which the ruthless hand of time failed to leave the usual marks of frost or decay. He was fond of pedestrian and equestrian exercises, and for many months after his ninety-third birthday had passed, his step was as firm and steady as that of many men of half his years. Donald Mackay leaves behind the record of a life well spent.

The rise of Sir Ernest Cassel to wealth and fame is one of the romances of modern finance. His father, Jacob Cassel, was a banker in a small way in Cologne—indeed, so small that there was no room for his son; so at sixteen young Ernest left school and came to England, where he soon found himself sitting on a tall stool as junior clerk in a Liverpool grain merchant's office. This was in 1868. Three years after, finding that his salary was only fifteen shillings a week, he came to London. About this time one of the most famous financial firms in London was in difficulties of so grave a nature that there seemed to be no way out of them. Ernest Cassel happened to be clerk in the firm which was investigating their affairs, and he soon found himself face to face with the task of disentangling the complications. Such was the extraordinary aptitude he showed for dealing with large financial questions, that before he was one and twenty he had made a name for himself. Launching out on his own account, the first task he had put before him was the straightening out of the finances of Argentina. And so he rose from triumph to triumph. A close friend of King Edward, and a fine sportsman, he is one of the most genial and modest of men. It is an open secret that a peerage has been his for the asking for the last few years, but the modest "E. Cas-



Sir Ernest Cassel, Bart.



Portrait of Thomas Swinyard

Painted for the Toronto Club by Piero Tozzi

sel," painted in small black letters inside the door of his office, is not likely to be painted out for a great many years to come.

Thomas Swinyard, who is presenting to the Toronto Club an oil portrait of himself, painted by Piero Tozzi, a talented Italian artist of New York, is one of the two oldest members of that famous social organization, A. G. Ramsay, former

President of the Canada Life Assurance Company being the other. They joined in 1861. While Mr. Swinyard has for the last 17 years lived in Gilbertsville, N.Y., he visits Toronto three or four times a year and is always given a cordial greeting by his many old friends in the comfortable club house at the corner of Wellington and York Sts. A gentleman of wealth and leisure, he usually spends the winters abroad at Monte



Philander C. Knox
The Foremost Member of President
Taft's Cabinet.

Carlo and other points in Southern Europe. Since 1883 he has been President of the Dominion Telegraph Company, which has its head office in Toronto. He came to Canada in 1861 from England where he was Assistant General Manager of the London and North Western Railway and, on his arrival here, he assumed the duties of General Manager of the Great Western Railway, then a leading road in Ontario with headquarters in Hamilton. He remained with the Great Western until 1871 and during that time was one of the most widely known men in the Dominion, being as prominent a figure in railway circles in this country as Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Charles M. Hays, or William Mackenzie are to-day. For some years later he was interested in the oil regions around Petrolia, Ont., and in 1874 was appointed a special commissioner by the Federal Government to take over the Prince Ed-

ward Island Railway from the Provincial Government, complete and organize the line. This was to fulfill one of the conditions under which the Island came into Confederation. Next year he became General Manager of the Dominion Telegraph Company, succeeding to the presidency on the death of Hon. T. N. Gibbs. During the same period he was for several years Vice-President of the New York, Ontario and Western Railway with headquarters in New York City. Genial and courteous, with the happy faculty of making and retaining friendships, he was in days gone by, a cricketer of note. He is fond of golf, and although in his seventy-sixth year, is a remarkably well preserved and active man. His portrait, which will soon be hung in the Toronto Club, will be a welcome addition to the gallery of leading members, past and present, whose pictures adorn the walls of that institution.

Philander C. Knox, who may not inaptly be called the general manager of Uncle Sam's administrative



Admiral Sir W. H. May
In Supreme Command of the British
Naval Forces in Home Waters



A Symbol of Power
The Mace is the British House of Commons

business, under President Taft, is a notable figure among American public men. A lawyer by profession, practising in Pittsburg, he came to Washington an almost unknown man, succeeding John W. Griggs as attorney-general in President McKinley's second cabinet. Mr. Knox is an indefatigable worker. When he was attorney-general it was a not unusual thing for him to appear at the department at nine o'clock with all his correspondence for the day attended to. This necessitated his rising about six. Mr. Knox stands about five feet four and a half in his shoes; he is well built, well groomed, well preserved and active. He is a man one would look at twice meeting him for the first time in the street. He has a fine, expressive face, which lights up when he smiles like that of a highly pleased cherub. He is fond of his home and his books, but much delights in outdoor amusements. He plays a game of golf that staggers the famous experts of the Supreme Court of the United States, Justices Harlan and Brewer. Mr. Knox is a great lover of the horse. He still owns the fastest pair of trotters in double harness in the world, and on his country place at Valley Forge has a large stable of fine driving and saddle horses.

Admiral Sir William May, on whose shoulders will fall the burden

of organizing the biggest fleet the world has ever seen and the sole responsibility for the naval defence of the United Kingdom, is by no means as young a man as his portrait would indicate. Since he entered the Navy in 1863 he has had a most distinguished career. Not only has he been an attaché at a foreign Court, Director of Torpedoes at the Admiralty, aide-de-camp to the late Queen, Controller of the Navy, and Second Sea Lord of the Admiralty, but he wears the Arctic medal for the expedition of 1875-6, and claims the enviable distinction of having increased the size of the Empire by annexing Christmas Island. Amongst his other unusual services is that of having led the naval contingent in the Diamond Jubilee cele-



Sir Thomas Lipton Enjoying Life



J. W. Morrice

The Artist who Painted This Month's Frontispiece

brations, while to him also were entrusted the naval arrangements in connection with the funeral of the great Queen. The Admirallissimo of the British seas is a K.C.B. and K.C.V.O., and he also wears the insignia of the Legion of Honor and of the Prussian Order of the Red Eagle.

A Canadian artist, whose work is winning recognition in many quarters and commanding attention in leading art centres, is J. W. Morrice, son of David Morrice, of Montreal. He began life as a clerk in a Toronto law office, but did not care for Coke and Blackstone and, after a few years, finally decided that the courthouse was not the arena in which he could make his way to the front. He abandoned the profession and went to Paris where he has ever since resided, occasionally visiting his old home. He devoted his time and splendid talents to art, and one of his pictures has just been pur-

chased by the committee on selections to be placed in the National Art Gallery at Ottawa. It is a scene from his studio window in Paris. His productions are distinctive and decidedly clever, characterized by freedom of handling, perfect tone and breadth of treatment. He is impressionistic in his conception and ideals and has exhibited his paintings in the Salon, Paris, in London, at the Royal Canadian Academy and the Ontario Society of Artists as well as at the exhibit of the Canadian Art Club in Toronto. A comparatively young man, his efforts are considered very fine and have elicited the highest measure of praise in leading cities of the world. The majority of his pictures are impressions and as such are considered quite as striking and clever as any work in that particular school.

Some interesting facts in connection with the evolution of advertising have been recalled by the recent death of Andrew Pears, the English soap manufacturer, whose name was known in the remotest corners of the earth. The Pears' business was founded by a great-grandfather of



The Late Andrew Pears

Head of the Famous Firm of Soap Makers

the last Andrew Pears, whose name was also Andrew, 120 years ago. Early in the history of the house it was resolved to make advertisements as attractive as possible. This principle was developed until the firm began to call in the services of the most renowned painters. One of the greatest successes in this direction was the purchasing of Sir John Millais's picture of his little fair-haired nephew in a green velvet suit blowing soap bubbles. For this \$1,100 was paid. Equally well known became the picture of the baby in the bath trying to pick up a piece of soap. It was originally



The Late Sir Frederick Wills, Bt.

entitled "A Knight of the Bath," and failed to catch on. By a happy inspiration it was renamed "He Won't Be Happy Till He Gets It," and its popularity became phenomenal; even Harry Furniss' Punch caricature of the firm's testimonial—the figure of a ragged and dirty tramp sitting down to make the affidavit, "Two years ago I used your soap; since then I've used no other"—was put to a strikingly successful publicity, "Good Morning," &c., the phrase by which the Pears' product is most universally known, was invented by Thomas Barratt. Barratt got his friends to draw up lists of the phrases most in common



Reginald McKenna

First Lord of the Admiralty

use. "Good Morning" topped most lists, and that fact suggested to Barratt that he could not do better than link it immortally with what he was advertising. Gladstone contributed to popularizing the article by once exclaiming, when he wished to illustrate large numbers: "They are as numerous as the advertisements of Pears' soap or as the autumn leaves in Valcambrino." Since starting business the Pears have spent over \$15,000,000 in advertising, which may account for the big dividends the business is said to be paying.

Sir Frederick Wills, Bart., organizer of the Imperial Tobacco Company of Great Britain and Ireland, whose death occurred in the south of France last month, was a prominent figure in British commercial and political life. In honor of his services to trade he was created a baronet in 1857. From 1900 to 1906 he sat as member for Bristol North.

The First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Reginald McKenna, is in the limelight at present, owing to the alarm which has seized Englishmen



Major Guy du Maurier

Whose Play, "An Englishman's Home," has Created a Great Stir in England

that Germany is going to outstrip Great Britain in naval construction. The Government seems to have risen to the occasion and, in laying before the House of Commons the naval estimates for the year, Mr. McKenna provided for an increased expenditure of nearly \$15,000,000. The First Lord is member for the North Division of Monmouthshire, which he has represented continuously since 1895. In the Liberal Government of 1905 he was appointed Financial Secretary of the Treasury, being advanced to the presidency of the Board of Education in 1907 and becoming First Lord of the Admiralty last year. Mr. McKenna is forty-five years of age and as a young man was a noted oarsman, rowing bow for Cambridge in 1887 and winning the Grand and Stewards' Cup at Henley. His future career will be interesting to watch.

The panic condition in England has been reflected on the stage and the whole nation has become excited over a remarkable military play,

now on the boards in London. This play, "An Englishman's Home," is the work of Major Guy du Maurier, D.S.O., of the Royal Fusiliers, who has inherited the literary mantle of his distinguished father, George du Maurier, the author of "Trilby." In this play, the invasion of England by the Germans is made an actual fact. It is a tremendous and telling satire on the young Englishman, who spends his time in watching cricket and football matches, neglecting military training and the physical development of his own body.

John Hammond Hayes is reputed to receive nearly a million dollars annually for his professional services as a mining engineer. To investors his word is law and financial magnates bow down to his bidding without question. He has scores of assistants working under him in all the principal mining countries of the world. From their reports and from



John Hammond Hayes

The Mining Engineers Who Earn Nearly a Million a Year

his personal experience he is able to give decisions, which are usually astoundingly accurate.

In the struggle for the conquest of the air, Canada may yet take a foremost place. Two of her young sons, who are associated with Professor Graham Bell in his experimental work at Baddeck, N.S., P. W. Baldwin and J. F. McCurdy, have already attained prominence. The former has been directing his attention largely to the possibilities of the rapid propulsion of boats on the water by means of propellers acting against the air. The latter has been making successful flights in Professor Bell's latest aeroplane, the Silver Dart. Work at Baddeck is carried on under ideal circumstances. Professor Bell has a beautiful estate overlooking the Bras D'Or Lakes, on which workshops have been erected, equipped with every convenience for the promotion of the work. The Professor himself, still hale and hearty, radiates enthusiasm. Our photographs of Baldwin and McCurdy are extracted from a group of the Fencing Club of the University of Toronto, taken a few years ago. The figure in the centre is Professor W. R. Lang, of the Department of Chemistry, whose interest in these two young aeronauts must be doubled by the fact that they were both members of the Toronto Field Company, Canadian Engineers, of which he is major in command. Mr. Baldwin, the upper figure, reached the giddy heights of a corporals' stripes; Mr. McCurdy was

not long enough in the corps to get any promotion; but they are certainly carrying out one of the many duties, which fall to the lot of the Royal Engineers, alike in peacetime as in war.

Great Britain is at last realizing the importance of cultivating the



Our Canadian Aviators

trade between the Mother Country and the Colonies. The first important step in this direction is the establishment in Canada of a British trade commissionership. About three years ago the Home Government sent Mr. Richard Grigg to look into the business situation in the Dominion. In selecting Mr. Grigg much wisdom was shown, for he is a retired



Richard Grigg

British Trade Commissioner to Canada

and wealthy manufacturer who had built up a large business in England. He has more than the ordinary capacity to size up actual conditions without being influenced by impractical theories. He spent many months in careful study of conditions from the Atlantic to the Pacific and presented one of the most valuable reports that has yet been received by the British Board of Trade. In it he emphasized the fact that British firms had an enormous and growing market in Canada which needed only intelligent cultivation, and that they were neglecting it largely through ignorance as to a lack of intelligent information from this side. To meet this he recommended that a species of Consular Service should be established in Canada with a commission with headquarters at some central point, and correspondents at the other larger cities of the country, the latter to report on all trade conditions to the commissioner, who in his turn would furnish reports and recommendations to the British Board of

Trade. The idea of the scheme was to secure a permanent bureau in Canada for the continuous study of trade conditions in the Dominion, so that the knowledge thus obtained could be sent to the proper quarters in England and thus aid in securing closer trade relations between the two countries by disseminating a better knowledge of the needs and capacities of each. This suggestion of Mr. Grigg's was accepted by the British Board of Trade, and he was appointed trade commissioner for Canada, with instructions to organize his own corps of correspondents, who are under the pay of the British Board of Trade.

Li Sun Ling, editor of the Hong Kong Chinese Daily Mail, declared to be the most influential daily newspaper in China, is touring England and America at present, studying Western methods and civilization. He has very sane views on international politics and believes that



Li Sun Ling

Editor of the Hong Kong Daily Mail, the most influential newspaper in China

the time is ripe for the making of some kind of commercial agreement between China and the Western powers, which would put an end to the so-called Far Eastern problem.

The nearest approach to a skyscraper that the authorities will allow in London, England, is the store of Selfridge & Co., Oxford Street, which was opened with great éclat on March 15. It is five stories in

as the old wholesale dry goods house of Thompson, Birckett & Bell, Hamilton. He spent several years with John Macdonald & Co., Toronto, and was later in the employ of Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston and Marshall Field & Co., Chicago.

Hugh Chalmers, now of the Chalmers-Detroit Co., manufacturers of automobiles, is possibly the greatest salesman that the business interests



London's New Department Store

In the Management of which a Canadian is Associated

height, which may seem small to Canadians, but which in reality marks a distinct advance in methods, both of construction and of operation. H. Gordon Selfridge, the head of Selfridge & Co., was at one time a partner of Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, but he has been in England for three years now. Associated with him in the management of the business is a Canadian, Mr. Wm. Birckett, whose father was a member

of America have developed in the last generation. He is a many-sided man, a born general, a leader, and at times a follower, now a captain of industry, and then a plodding representative on the road. Chalmers is not actually all these in person but in sympathy, outlook and comprehension he embodies the characteristics represented by those foremost in many lines of endeavor. At fourteen years of age he was a



Hugh Chalmers

President of The Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co.

stenographer in the office of the National Cash Register Co. at Dayton, Ohio, having been hired a few months previously as office boy at \$2 a week. Fifteen years later he was general manager and vice president of the plant, which has five thousand employees and a selling force in America of five hundred salesmen, as well as representatives in many foreign countries. Chalmers supervised all. He inspired them with loyalty and infused them with enthusiasm. The entire organization was active, willing and

aggressive. Should depression or discouragement evidence itself in the ranks Chalmers drove all traces away by his words of appreciation and advice. When thirty years old he capitalized himself at one million dollars and then loaned the capital to the National Cash Register Co. for fifty thousand dollars a year or, in other words, that was the salary he received. A year or two later his salary was increased to seventy-two thousand. Chalmers is efficiency and thoroughness personified.

How to Hire, Train and Supervise Men

By HUGH CHALMERS

From the Business Philosopher

WHILE salesmanship is only one word, it has so many ramifications, so many avenues leading from it, that it is very difficult for us to realize fully all that it is and means. There is more demand for it to-day than for anything else on the market. When you sum it all up, if I were asked to define salesmanship in one sentence, I should say this: It is nothing more nor less than making the other fellow feel as you do about what you have to sell.

That is about all there is to it. There are different ways of getting to that and many ways of leading up to it, but that is what it means. To sell anything is merely to convince the other man, or, rather, to change his mind so that it agrees with your mind.

The whole question of selling goods can be treated under the three heads of Employment, Training and Supervision.

The question of employment of men is one that has troubled sales managers for all time past, and will trouble us for all time in the future, because we have our ideas and our ideals smashed so often and our judgment goes wrong so often on men that we employ. It has been my experience that the older I get the less I think I know about sizing up a man. However, we shouldn't allow these failures to blind us entirely to the fact that there are certain rules for the em-

ployment of men. There are certain things to go by and you can to some extent pass judgment on the man without taking too much of a chance. I am not going into a long detailed discussion as to how these men should be employed.

In the first place, there are a good many ways of getting men. To advertise is one way—advertising in newspapers for men. My experience has been that in that kind of advertising care must be exercised in sizing up men because of the different classes of men who answer. It has also been my experience that some of the best men I ever saw in my life were secured through advertising. A great deal depends upon how you advertise. All I hope to do in the short time I am going to speak is to give you a few definite points from my own experience.

I do not believe in advertising under a fictitious name under any circumstances. I believe that if you want men for your business, whether or not you get the right men to apply depends wholly on the way you write the advertisement. If you advertise for twenty-five salesmen, asking them to apply to A. B. C., care Herald Office, and all that sort of thing, you won't get good men to answer that class of advertising. If you need fifteen or twenty men, I should advise you to advertise for two; good men don't seek employment where men are wanted in droves. I should say, also, that an

advertisement should state somewhat specifically the duties of the position and should give some idea of the compensation. In inserting advertisements I always aim to select a space not in the "want" column. Try to get your ad into the reading column. It will cost a little more money, but you will attract a class of people you want to attract, something out of the ordinary.

In employing men I am not in favor of an application blank that wants the history of a man from the day of his birth to the hour of his application, as some do. That would scare off any good man before he got half started. We want reasonable information about men, but it is not necessary to have all the information that is asked for on some application blanks.

In regard to sizing men up, an employer who can select say seventy-five per cent., or even fifty per cent., and I might go lower—any man who can select that percentage of successful salesmen is the most valuable man to any house or corporation and his value cannot be judged in dollars and cents. I never saw a man who could select that percentage and do it successfully, and do it continuously because it is impossible to look at a man and find out whether or not he can sell your goods.

I never employed a man in my life on the first interview. I believe in asking a man to come back for a second or third interview, because as a general rule he has to call on the trade two or three times and, in a specialty line, a great many hundreds of times. If he does not make the right impression on you the first time, the chances are he wouldn't on the trade. The same is true of the second and third calls.

For that reason I do not believe in the hasty selection of men. Where we used to employ hundreds of salesmen we did it through a series of three men. Three men always

went through a town and the applicant or applicants were sized up by the three men. Each made notes. If we saw right off that the man wouldn't do at all, he was given an application blank and that was the end of it.

Another pretty good rule to follow, although not always absolutely right, is never to employ an unsuccessful man. If a man has not been successful in some other business, unless there is some other good reason for his failure, he isn't likely to succeed in yours. I never broke an egg at one end and found it bad and at the other end found it good. I think that applies to some extent to men. I do not know what businesses you are engaged in—they are varied—but what I am going to say applies to one business as well as another.

I have had experience in training specialty salesmen and I am speaking from that standpoint, but I have found that human nature is pretty much alike the world over. Salesmanship, or selling goods, is pretty much the same because you are dealing with men's minds.

There is one thing to bear in mind—I want to impress it upon you: when you sell a man a bill of goods, whether it be automobiles, typewriters or dry goods, that sale does not take place in your order book. That sale does not take place in the check book or the cash drawer. That sale, first of all, takes place in the man's mind. That is where it takes place. You have to convince the buyer's mind. You have to change his mind.

When you go in to sell a man a bill of goods, if he thinks he does not want it, he tells you that he doesn't want it and tells you in a pretty loud voice. As you get down closer and closer to that order his voice becomes softer. After all, bear in mind, whether big or small, the whole subject is dealing with the man's mind. Human nature is alike,

whether it be in Germany, France, England or America. The general methods of procedure that will sell goods in New York will sell goods in Chicago. You may have to change the tactics somewhat for different places, but the same general method will do it. What will convince a man's mind in New York will convince it in Chicago.

Another way to secure men is to get them through men you already have, to have those men recommend to you men of their acquaintance who are successful and would make good men for you. Of course, that also requires some careful investigation, because the element of friendship may enter into it more largely than you care to have it enter.

There is another way we used once or twice to get men. Perhaps I shouldn't tell this, but it is absolutely fair. If you want to interview only men who are employed and don't care to have unemployed men call, suppose you advertise for a safe or a typewriter or something else. You will have only those salesmen call on you who are employed and you can size them up and see what impression they make on you. Perhaps you can get one or two good men that way. Of course, that is not a method you can use every week, but it is true that you can get good men that way. There you have a man, perfectly natural, trying to sell you something, appearing to you exactly as he is and not as he would have you think he is.

There is an old maxim or adage that says, "Salesmen are born, not made." I should change that in this day and generation to say, "Salesmen are made as well as born," because salesmanship is nothing but good common sense. That is all it is. If you show me a man with good common sense, coupled with a great many other things that he must have with that sense, although that is the basis of all of it (the chances are if he has that he has the others),

he is likely to succeed if you train him properly. Of course, it depends largely upon the question of whether the man is used to meeting people and all that sort of thing. Men who will do in one line of business will not do in another. In passing from the question of how to get men I should say there are many ways, but the main thing is to try to have as many good applicants appearing before you as you can, as the process of elimination is easier if that is true.

Now, we pass for a minute to the question of compensation. Compensation is, after all based upon results. Whether it be a salary and commission or a straight commission basis, it must of necessity be based upon results. I believe that in some businesses it is all right to employ men on salary and commission, but my experience as specialty sales manager has been that, all things considered, the commission basis is the most satisfactory. If a man is on a salary basis, he is not to be paid that salary unless he earns it, and if it was a salary and commission basis, the same would be true. It isn't possible, perhaps, for all of you to put your men on commission, but after all it is the commission basis that gives the salesman his just proportion of the profits he is making and puts him, so to speak, in business for himself. It is entirely up to him as to whether he earns a thousand a year, or two thousand, or three thousand, or perhaps more money.

With a beginner, who hasn't the confidence that he should have, it might be best for him to accept a salary basis, or a salary and commission basis; and perhaps a man who has passed the meridian of life may feel safer with a guaranteed income coming in: but the young man of brains, of initiative, the man who wants to make all the dollars he can, who has only as capital his ability and his knowledge of the business, the man who wants to capitalize

himself and get all out of himself that is in him, that man wants a commission basis, because after all none of us who are in business for ourselves would care to build up that business to a certain point and then have the government take the whole thing, give you a stipulated amount per year on your business, but take all profits over that amount.

It is this same thing that I am in favor of—individual effort—that has pushed America to the front in all walks of life. It is the creative instinct in the men of this country that has made your country what it is, to-day. That is why I am personally against government ownership of anything that individuals can manage.

I sold goods on the road and I had this little scheme. Of course, this is personal, it may not apply to you, but I will tell you how I made myself work. I was working on a commission basis. I had signs printed showing the days of the month from 1st to 31st. I figured my expenses for the month and I made up my mind that I had to make expenses by the twelfth of the month, and every dollar to the twelfth of the month went for expenses. After the twelfth it kept me going to make money and when I got down to the thirty-first day of the month I held on to that fellow like grim death, because I knew if I made the sale on or before the thirty-first I could write it on the "profits" column and, if I let it go to the next day, it had to go to the expenses of next month.

That system will keep you "going some," because you want to close your business by month, not by years. The next day's sale did not cut any figure, only so much money thrown into the hopper for general expenses.

As to the qualities of a successful salesman: I believe the qualities of a successful salesman are ten, principally, and they are:

Health,
Honesty,
Ability,
Initiative,
Knowledge of the business,
Tact,
Sincerity,
Industry,
Open mindedness,
Enthusiasm.

A man may not have all ten of these qualities, but in proportion as he has them he will succeed.

Now, when I say that he should have health, I do not mean that you want to go to the extreme of interfering with a man's private life and tell him what he should eat or drink or anything of that kind, but I believe that in the selection of men the question of health should enter largely, because in my own experience a healthy mind is better nourished in a healthy body than otherwise. The man who has health of body is sure to have a healthy mind than the one who hasn't bodily health. On the question of health of a salesman enter those things he shouldn't do. There is hardly a salesman in the country to-day but isn't doing one or two things that are injuring him. The greatest thing that bothers us all is our habits. I refer particularly to the subject of drinking and smoking too much.

A salesman's mind must be on the qui vive all the time. Just like a race-horse, he should be ready to go when the bell sounds. Now, a man will drink or smoke too much. I speak particularly of drinking in the daytime. You see, and so do I, very much less of that than there was ten years ago, and thank God for it, because as business men we have no right to do that thing in the middle of the busiest day which will in any way interfere with our business ability for the last half of the day's work. And a salesman who will refrain from drinking until after six o'clock is bound to have more dollars in the bank at the end of the

year. I speak from experience, like the man who says, "It pays to be honest, because I know both ways." Nothing makes a man quite so lazy, quite so unfit for business, as a drink or two along about two or three o'clock. Merely as a general caution to men on the question of health I think it is a good idea for you as sales managers to pay some attention to that.

On the question of honesty—I do not speak of honesty in a base sense—I think a man is nothing short of a fool in this time of our existence who is anything else but an honest man. A man who is not honest now-days from the strict standpoint of honesty as generally accepted has so chance at all. I do not mean the kind of honesty that you learn from Spenserian copy writing-books either. I mean the kind of honesty that goes right down to the depths of a man and makes him honest by nature, not by compulsion. But there is more to this honesty question. The question of honesty enters into a man's work. He can give you as honest day's work or not. It is up to you largely by reports, etc., to see that you get it.

Let me give you this one thought on the subject of honesty, it may never have occurred to you. After all there is nobody in the whole world that knows a man is honest but himself. Your wife thinks you are honest. Mine thinks I am. It is a good thing to keep them thinking that way, too; but they couldn't prove it to save their souls. The only response to that question is for the man to look at himself in the mirror and say, "Am I an honest man?" Because honesty goes down to what a man thinks, as well as to what he says and does. I put a great deal of stress on honesty, because I tell you I think the good Lord knew what he was doing when he made some men dishonest; if they were honest, coupled with their na-

tural ability, you and I wouldn't have much of a chance.

By ability I refer to the mental equipment of a man. When you stop to think of it, men don't differ very much in their general make-up. Every man, as a rule, has two legs, two arms, two ears, a nose, a pair of eyes and a mouth, and, considering their height, they weigh about the same. What is the difference? Nothing but the difference in their brains. That is all there is of difference between men, their brains. Ability can be developed, and is developed largely by what a man reads, by the company he keeps, and by his willingness to learn. Every man's compensation should be made up of two parts until he gets to fifty years of age. I should say to himself when he accepts employment anywhere, first, what can I earn? That is his daily bread. And, for the second question, he should put a letter "I" in front of "earn" and say, "What can I I-earn?" A great deal can be done to develop ability, but it represents the difference in men. How often, too, you see men who have ability—it is a pity, but I have seen hundreds of them—but not the other things. One of these things alone is like a man crippled. You sales managers, as I have said, can do a great deal to develop your men.

Initiative is that quality that makes a man do something before he is told to do it. My experience shows me that there are three kinds of men in the world: the man who does something when you tell him once; the man who does something when you tell him four or five times; and the man you don't have to tell to do it. Initiative is represented by the man you don't have to tell. Initiative in a salesman is skill in a surgeon. After a surgeon has you on the table cut open, he can't say, "I must go and see this book and see if I am proceeding right on this fellow." No, after he cuts in he has to

finish, whether it is your finish or his finish. That is initiative. I could say a great deal on that, for it is one of my hobbies. I would rather see a man with initiative, even if he did lack some of these other qualities, for, if he has initiative, he is going to do something. Dewey cut that cable over in Manila—that was initiative; he knew what he wanted to do and he did it. And you ought to give a salesman enough latitude to use his good common sense in an emergency case, even if he does do something wrong once in a while.

Now, on the question of knowledge of the business: I have always noticed, and you have, that the lawyer who reads the most law books and keeps up to date on law, is, as a rule, the best lawyer. I know the statement that "Salesmanship is a profession" is worn threadbare, but it is true, nevertheless. A man ought to have all the knowledge of his business that he can possess, keeping in mind the old saying that "knowledge is power." In talking life insurance I am always impressed by the man who says, "How old are you?" and when I say so many years old he says, "What you want is so and so," without stopping to look it up in a book. You are always impressed by a man who knows his business. And it is up to you sales managers to see that your men get the information about the business that they ought to have.

Tact is something it is pretty hard to give a man. He has to get that himself. Tact is ability to deal with different temperaments, different dispositions, and get through it all. Some people mistake tact for "jolly." A man who can "jolly" you into something isn't always tactful; he is merely expedient. He has done the most expedient thing at the time perhaps, but he probably hasn't been honest with you. So don't mistake the thing. Tact is that rare thing that tells a man how to deal with his fellow man who isn't jumping

before he sees a pillow to light on down below. It is pretty hard to describe it any further than that.

The next thing is sincerity. As for sincerity, a man is consciously or unconsciously affected by everything you say, and don't think he isn't. Sincerity is one of the greatest attributes man or woman can have. It makes friends and holds them. Sincerity is that quality in a man by which you can tell from the way he says something to you that that thought did not come from the mouth outward, but from down deeper. A man to whom you wish to sell goods must necessarily be impressed by the way in which you speak, because the way in which you say a thing is about as important as the thing itself.

Now, selling a man goods, as I told you a while ago, is appealing to his mind, absolutely appealing to his mind. You can't sell him until you change his mind. He may say, "I don't want that," and you reply, "Yes, you do," and you can't sell that order until his mind is changed.

You are throwing thoughts at a man; that is what you are doing. You are throwing thoughts from your mind into his mind, and just in proportion as he catches them will they appeal to him or not.

Thoughts are tangible. They are intangible in a way but still tangible. What I mean is that you can't throw insincerity at a man and have him catch sincerity. If I throw this cup—I am going to—at Mr. Saxx, he is likely to catch a cup, if he catches anything. At least, he won't catch a glass. He will catch just what I throw at him.

It is the same way with sincerity and insincerity. Salesmen may fool themselves, but it is that one quality in a man that makes an innermost that he cannot help and of which he isn't conscious.

Now, to illustrate that: down at

the New York Automobile Show last week a man wandered into our booth, Mr. John B. Herreshoff. Mr. Herreshoff is the designer of the yachts that have successfully defended the America cup. He is blind. A salesman took him to Mr. Page, our New York dealer. He is a genius, an engineer, and he felt all around the automobile. Finally, I was introduced to him and talked with him. He said, "Mr. Chalmers, you know I can't see; consequently, my sense of hearing is enhanced that much. I have to judge men by their voices. Now, I am going to buy that car because Mr. Page has an honest voice. I know that he is honest."

I admire a sincere man, and so do you. I hate the jollier. It is your friend who criticizes you and your enemy who flatters you. Your friend is sincere, wants you to improve, and tells you when you are wrong, and the man who tells you that you are the best fellow on earth when you are doing wrong isn't your friend, because he is encouraging you to continue to do things that aren't right. Therefore, accept criticism that way, because it is your friend.

As regards industry, I think the man who coined that sentence, "always on the job," did a good day's work, because industry is a great thing. Keep busy! Keep doing your work right!

Openmindedness is the willingness to accept suggestions. The man who knows it all is standing on a banana peel placed there by a fool-killer who is waiting just around the corner. Openmindedness is the willingness to accept suggestions, to be able to improve. The day is not long past when salesmen used to resist suggestions. Most salesmen accept them nowadays. When employing a man I would be pretty anxious to find out whether he was willing to accept suggestions.

Now, about asking a man ques-

tions; if you want to test a man, get him to argue a little bit. I used to say, "What makes you think you can sell these goods? I don't think you can. Your experience in the past hasn't been such as to make me think you can. Now, tell me why. I tell you what you do. Go away to-day" (of course, you must do this nicely) "and I would like to have you come back to-morrow and give me three reasons why you think you can sell these goods." And when the man comes back size up his reasons and see if they are good ones.

As to enthusiasm: a man might have honesty, health, ability, initiative, knowledge of the business, tact, sincerity, industry and openmindedness; yet, without enthusiasm he would not be a success. Enthusiasm is the white heat that fuses all these qualities into one effective mass.

A little illustration: take a piece of blue glass and a sapphire. You might polish that glass until it is as smooth and hard as the sapphire, but when you look down into them you see thousands of little lights shining up at you out of the sapphire that you can't get out of that piece of blue glass. Those fires just seem to speak out at you as you look at that sapphire. What those little lights are in that sapphire, enthusiasm is in the man. Some men are almost irresistible—you know that: it is because enthusiasm radiates from their expression, beams from their eyes and is evident in their actions.

A man might be made to order with proper proportions of all these other nine things I have mentioned, and yet, if he lack enthusiasm, he is only a statue.

Enthusiasm is that thing which makes a man boil over for his business, for his family, or for anything he has an interest in, for anything his heart is in. So I say, enthusi-

asm is one of the greatest things a man can have.

Don't misunderstand me to mean froth or gush, because I dislike that as much as you do; I mean intensity of feeling and action, the thing that makes you like that man, and the thing that makes you call him a "live one," because you can very readily see the thousand fights all through him.

I have named ten things here. If I were a sales manager, I would take those ten things and I would size up a man. I would say, I know he is honest, he has good health, he is industrious, and I would see where he came short. Did you notice—perhaps you didn't—that nine out of ten of the things I mentioned deal with the man himself and only one-tenth with his business, which proves conclusively—and I have proved it to my mind hundreds of times—that salesmanship is nine-tenths man and one-tenth territory, or nine-tenths man and one-tenth business, or whatever you wish to call it. I have put some men in territories where other men have fallen down and have had them get business. Where men can understand what you say, if you speak the same language that they do, and have all these things that I am talking about—you know your business, are sincere in it, love it, and are in it not only for money but for pleasure too, the prospect will not get away from you. He may postpone his order, but eventually he won't get away. So that I say it is nine-tenths man and one-tenth territory or business.

On the question of training of men, I think the day is already gone—I do not say it is about gone, for I believe it is gone—when any firm will hire a man in the morning, give him his samples in the afternoon and have him leave town that night, because the one thing most needed, and which is coming more and more into effective use to-day in

this country, is training of salesmen. Some of you may be connected with retail establishments. The greatest need of retail establishments to-day is a training school. I do not refer to an elaborate affair; anything is a school where ten, twenty, perhaps fifty, are gathered together to learn something. I wouldn't operate any store without such a school. I have it in my own business. I wouldn't have any business where I didn't hold a school regularly for the different people for the purpose of teaching them and having them teach me and teach each other the best ways of doing business.

This question of training is a very important one. You might have all the ability in the world hired, but if you didn't train your men you wouldn't get the best results. The training you should give a salesman in your line ought to put him about six months ahead of what he could pick up on the road if he had not received your training.

I have found this out, that it costs you as much for the traveling expenses of a poor man as it does for a good man. The hotels charge as much per day for a man of mediocre ability, railroads as much railroad fare, Uncle Sam as much to carry his mail; so, after all, since the expenses are the same, what are a few extra dollars in compensation or in training to make the difference between a good man and a bad one, when a good man will do twice or three times the business a poor one will.

I would never send a man out until he had sold two people. One thing is that he has to sell me. But that isn't the most important: he has got to sell himself before I will put him on. He has to be sold on the proposition he is going out to sell to other people before I would give him a dollar of expense money.

On the question of expense money I have a suggestion for you men

who hire men on commission and advance them money. After I hire a man on commission I say, "How much money do you want to borrow?" He will probably say, "I don't want to borrow any money," and I reply, "O, yes you do. You are going into business for yourself. You want me to advance you money. And I am charging this to your account. How much do you want to borrow?" He is borrowing and it is a good way to put this thing up to him. It makes him think.

Another good motto for all salesmen to have is this, "Never leave business to look for business." Most of you, no doubt, have been in the woods. You want to sit down and you find a nice spot. Then you look over yonder, and there is a greener looking spot. You start over there to sit down, but when you get there you find it is no different from the place you left. So, don't leave business to look for business. Business where you are is as good as business where you are going. That is a good motto for your salesmen to have.

The question of supervision is the third big thing a sales manager has before him. The best man in the world will not do effective work without supervision. Sometimes we get angry and lose patience with a man who goes wrong, but often we are just as much to blame for the man going wrong as he was, for human nature is such that you can't condemn a man without weighing pretty well the conditions under which he fell. I believe that if a man is honest, keep him honest. Check him up. That is where supervision comes in. Make him report properly, whether daily or weekly; make him tell you the towns he went to and how much he spent—not the last nickel or dime, but in a general way; and you will have a better man.

The real ability in a sales manager is shown by his handling of

men. That is something I could talk about till midnight and not tell you perhaps any more than that. It is ability to handle each one personally. Make it a point to get acquainted with what each man is doing. When you meet him remember what he has done and mention it. He will be greatly pleased. Make it a point to speak kindly to your men at all times, only criticizing when necessary, and always bear this in mind: don't write sharp letters. I have always found that warm words dictated became cold type when received. The man wasn't there to hear the enunciation or the inflection of your voice, and he doesn't know what you mean when he gets the cold type. Many a man has been knocked out for several days and useless to you because you have been hasty and written the wrong kind of a letter. A letter should criticize, should point out the mistake, but should not take away enthusiasm. You should not so dampen a man that he dawns you for the balance of the week. You may think it a little far-fetched for me to mention this, but I have known some smart men who wrote too sharp letters.

Now, in connection with the question of checking up is that of writing encouraging letters. Most of you have carried sample trunks. You know there are days when you come into a hotel when you could lift it from its foundations, and there are other days when you don't care if it falls on you. So you should bear in mind that your men are human. Bear in mind that you owe something to your men, as men, in addition to your duty to your corporation, and by doing this you will get better work.

As regards close covering of territory: I believe that a man, as a rule—at least those I hired—can only cover so much territory because of physical impossibility to do more. A man has only two legs

and can only get over so much ground and see so many people, and it is an injustice to ask a man to cover more territory than he can cover. The amount he can cover varies with the different kinds of business, but I wouldn't allow a man to cover too much territory with typewriters, scales, adding machines, and that sort of thing, because I think it is not good for the man and you do yourself harm.

It has also been my experience, whether it is in selling dry goods or specialties, that sometimes men will work for honor when they won't work so hard for money, and I have found that prizes held up to men for best records for a month, two months, three months, a year, bring good results. I would encourage that. Another thing I would encourage is the printing of comparative records of sales of your men to stimulate them, to keep them going. I would have district managers on salary and commission, or commission, for the same reason as salesmen, for they have the same interest in producing more business.

Somebody asked me, "Do you go much on testimonials when hiring men?" My experience has been that the man who has the most testimonials needs the most. The man who goes around to everybody he ever worked for, from hauling in the coal to taking care of the horse, and obtains recommendations and carries them with him, never had much weight with me. The investigation I made into his past was by getting acquainted with the people who know him. One of the best things you can do is to write the local bank where the man lives and ask the banker what kind of a fellow he is. You will probably get a good answer.

Another point: don't try to drive tacks with a sledge hammer. I am talking to sales managers, and your worthy president said to me that

one of the hardest things he has to do is to keep from doing a lot of detail work. That is what I call driving tacks with a sledge hammer. Don't drive tacks with a sledge hammer when you can get somebody else to do it with a tack hammer.

I have a rule—it is no secret—which keeps me on the ten most important things I have to do. I have a pad on my desk, a folder with a black cover to it. On one page I have before me the ten most important things I have to do. I put them down as they occur to me and as I do them I mark them off. Every morning the stenographer puts a fresh sheet on my desk. If ten are not enough, I have more. Some of you perhaps would have a hundred. Other important things I put on another page, but I keep before me the ten most important and try to keep myself on the most important work.

The hardest thing a manager or sales manager, or a general manager has to do—and that is the difference between a good manager and a bad one—is to have ability to differentiate between a little thing and a big thing. Don't attend to a little thing when by so doing a big thing suffers. I have introduced this into all departments of our business. I make every department head keep on his desk a memorandum of what he has to do. If I want to check him up, I look at his clip and see what he has to do. Suppose I ask each one of you to tell me now the ten most important things you have to do. You would scratch your heads. Now, if you don't know, how can you be sure you are always working on the most important things?

I can illustrate that with a homely story. Suppose a farmer had a man working for him and had eighty acres of cornfield, and he would say, "John, go drive the pigs out of that cornfield." The man might be driving for a week. But if he said, "There are ten pigs in the corn-

field; drive them out." When John got the ten out he wouldn't any longer be chasing pigs that did not exist.

The same thing applies to a man's work. We think we are sales managers, but some of us haven't organized ourselves yet. The hardest thing to do is to organize yourself to make yourself do systematically that which you are trying to get others to do. Teach yourself. It isn't as easy to do as it is for me to say it to you.

By the way, one way to get rid of details is to drop some of them. Details are like a couple of heavy weights. If you get somebody to cut the band, they will drop. If there isn't a man under you who can catch them, they will fall on him, because he had his hands down instead of up to catch them. Of course, you won't get relief until you get men under you who are capable of relieving you. But I say to you, "Cut those bands," and may be some fellow underneath will catch the weights. If he doesn't he will be jarred a little.

I was over in Scotland one time and I said to a Scotchman in Edinburgh, "I notice that young Scotchmen are getting the best jobs in the banks in England and on the continent. They are in places of responsibility. Do you know why that is?" "Oh," he said, "young man, that is easy. That is mental arithmetic." I said, "What do you mean by that?" And he said, "Mental arithmetic in a boy becomes judgment in a man." It is the ability to weigh in your mind two opposing factions or things and be able to come to an intelligent conclusion as to which you had better do. Mental arithmetic in a boy is judgment in a man. To be successful you must be able to weigh in your mind the things that come before you and make your decision on the side that goes down. Here are five reasons why you ought to

do this thing. See how many reasons there are on the other side why you ought not to do it. You will be more likely to come to an intelligent conclusion.

Another thing, learn to make decisions quickly. Some of us wouldn't be able to get very far if we didn't have to make decisions quickly. Learn to size up things and make decisions as quickly as you can. There are times when judgment is better to-morrow, but if you are in touch with the business you can make your decision as well now as later. If you find you are on the wrong road, change your mind. There are only two classes that don't change their minds—only two—fools and dead men. None of us wants to belong to either class. Don't be afraid to change your mind when you are wrong, but do try to make your decisions quickly.

Again, we are prone to put off the hard things that are on our desks. "Here is a letter I ought to answer. I will put that off for a while. I have three or four other things I can do." You put it off. To-morrow you will say, "That darned thing is there yet." And that is the way it goes. Now, I will tell you what to do. I am not preaching anything I don't practice. You can ask anybody working for me. I have made myself do this. I handle these hard things first. I know I can handle that easy stuff any time, so I handle the hard things first. It may take longer, but they will be handled. Whenever mail can be answered the same day it is received, if I am there it is answered that day, not the next day. I believe men get into the habit of putting these things off. It is said that if you let a letter go long enough unanswered it answers itself, but you are not able to decide what the answer will be. Therefore, it is a good idea for you to answer the letter.

Another thing, I believe in teach-

ing through the eye as well as the ear. If I am talking to you as I am now, some of you get some of the things I say one way and others another, but, if I had a blackboard and put these things down, all eyes are focused on what I have written and you are all getting the same impression. I have in my office a blackboard which I use regularly when we have meetings there. There is a great deal in teaching through the eye. Men get what you mean much quicker through the eye than through the ear. So I say that to write a thing down is better.

I have listed on this blackboard the following duties:

First, to employ good men to assist us. That is the whole thing. We could stand up here till tomorrow and talk about organization and salesmanship, and, after all, it comes to the question of men. Get good men to assist us.

Second, to organize our factory and agencies, to hold meetings often, to anticipate the demands in our line, to co-operate with each other in all things, to do unto others as we wish to be done by ourselves.

The next thing is, tell the truth. We keep that before us. Most of us are prone to exaggerate and it is a good thing to keep this before your people—tell the truth. I recently started a little publication myself for the benefit of our own agents, and the heading of it is "Tell the Truth." What I mean by that is, if you are in a decent line—and we all are—truth ought to be able to sell our goods, because if there isn't truth back of your line of goods you in all probability won't stay in business very long anyhow.

I also have on that blackboard and keep always before me, five things to increase: First, sales. Second, increase cash on hand. You might increase your sales and have a lot of notes on hand, but you want to do business profitably and want some cash. Third, increase

profits. Fourth, increase the efficiency of our force. Fifth, increase the quality of our product. And five things to decrease: Debt, because where you do business only on nine per cent., you are liable to have some debts. Decrease unnecessary expense. Decrease the number of complaints made. Decrease the amount of time wasted. And decrease the cost of production.

I am here to tell you some things that have been of practical use to me. I have found that these things are. You will find that if you can keep on increasing those five things and decreasing five, the chances are you will succeed and make some money.

I believe that often we sales managers allow our tempers to get the best of us. We allow ourselves to get unduly worried and allow things to affect our judgment when we are in that condition. In the last few years I have been trying to keep an even disposition. Don't fly off the handle. Train yourself. Try to do things calmly. Try to make yourself see the other side of the situation. Now, when I see a man come in to me who looks like he had been drinking the night before—perhaps he is a foreman or department head, and I see he is sore about something, I don't talk to him that morning. I say, "Come in this afternoon. I am busy now. I don't want to talk with you. You are not doing the talking. It is those two extra drinks of whisky you had last night that are talking. Come back later."

I only mention that to illustrate the point that we sometimes allow our feelings against such persons to interfere with our business. There is only one way to overcome it—be conscious of the fact that you are doing it all the time and try to eradicate it. Try to cultivate the faculty of viewing things calmly. I think you will get as

much relief as I have. Most of our concerns pay us for having good liveries, but some of us have bad ones. I haven't quite succeeded in controlling my temper. Once in a while I fly off. I wouldn't give much for a man who didn't once in a while, but at the same time I believe that when handling other men we should bear that in mind.

Another rule I try to follow is, always try to look at things from the man's standpoint. And when you have to discharge a man, telling the truth is the hardest thing in the world. Most of us say, "We have to lay you off," or "We have to do this and that," when it isn't the truth. Tell the man the truth when you have to discharge him. Tell him he hasn't done his work right. Those few moments of pain or displeasure for you will make for you of that man, as a rule, a lifelong friend, because you have been honest and suffered yourself to tell the truth. It may not always be the best thing, but I think it comes pretty near. Try to treat him as you want to be treated. I don't want to get mashy at all. I don't mean to be soft-headed nor hard-hearted. I think a combination between the two makes a pretty good man.

Mind tells you what you could do. Heart tells you what you ought to

do. We can't get away from the heart influence. It is human nature. Without this heart influence in this country I wouldn't want to stay here, and neither would you. Try to do things as you would like to have them done if you were in the man's place. I say to a man, "What would you do if you were in my place?" you will find that a pretty good position to put him in. "What would you do under these same circumstances?" I think you will find if you do that you won't have as much trouble in getting things done the way you want them or in getting a man out that you don't want.

In conclusion, I want to say that I believe there is great room in this country for an organization such as you have started in Chicago. My hope and wish is that this movement may spread until it becomes a truly national sales managers' movement. I have signed a blank for membership in your association, if you will take me, because I would like to identify myself with it. I hope it will grow. It is good to exchange ideas to the end that we may all handle the human mind in the best possible manner and get the best possible results for ourselves, our companies and the salesmen we employ. That is the highest aim we should seek to accomplish.

The Romance of Business

By Andrew Carnegie

If a young man does not find romance in his business, it is not the fault of the business but the fault of the young man.

Business is not all dollars. These are but the shell—the kernel lies within and is to be enjoyed later, as the higher faculties of the business man, so constantly called into play, develop and mature.

The Monte Cristo of Journalism

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

From the *Outing Magazine*

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, owner of the New York Herald, is the most remarkable figure in the history of journalism. In his management of his great metropolitan newspaper, in the exploitation of many of his individualistic ideas, in his peculiar mode of life and in his accomplishments, he stands alone—the most unusual personality of Pressdom.

He has been referred to by his friends as the kingliest character of America, and his career warrants the tribute. He has been referred to by his enemies as an unbending tyrant and his methods have demonstrated that this tribute is not entirely unwarranted. He has ruled, not by the Machiavelian alternative of love or fear, but by fear and melodrama, and to-day the newspaper that he inherited from his father is classed as one of the greatest.

James Gordon Bennett was born in New York. He is now sixty-seven years old. In appearance he is tall and slender and gives the impression of a vast amount of nervous energy. He carries himself with military erectness, and his steel-gray hair and moustache add to his general soldierly look. For many years he has made his home in Paris, and visits this country only about once every two years. He literally edits the New York Herald by cable. And the story of the way in which he does this is almost as unbelievable as it is curious.

It is the general public opinion that Mr. Bennett lets the Herald run itself, and that, particularly of late years, he has not kept in close touch with its affairs and progress. Nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, it may be said that he is devoting more time to the interests of his paper at present than ever before.

About two years ago, after Mr. William C. Reick, then president of the Herald Company, left to take an interest in the Times, Mr. Bennett placed the on-the-spot control of his paper in the hands of six or seven committees, composed of the various editors, heads of departments, and so forth. These committees were vested with scant power, however, and their status is always kept in doubt. It is not even within their power to discharge a reporter. It is their mission merely to carry out Mr. Bennett's orders and to convey to him the various developments that may come up in connection with the operation of the newspaper. At the head of the table about which these committees gather is Mr. Bennett's chair, always kept in position. At his place all the metropolitan papers are laid each day. Thus, even though he may not be present more than once every two years, he imbues his men with the idea that he is present in spirit and that he is "the boss"—not they. In his private office in the front of the Herald building, in



James Gordon Bennett

Who Rules His Great Newspaper With a Rod of Iron.

Herald Square, his desk is ever kept in readiness for him, and even such details as filled inkwells and a handy ash-tray are looked after by attendants who have been impressed that they are to act just as if he came into his office every day. It is related, along this line, that even years ago, when the Herald was printed downtown, Mr. Bennett ordered that the light in his

office be kept burning every night. The windows of his office looked out on the street, and he wanted passers-by, as well as the office force, to know that he was, paradoxically, in his office every evening even if he happened to be abroad. The spirit presence of the proprietor is further impressed upon his general staff by frequently bulletined cablegrams detailing this or that order.

It must not be imagined, however, that Mr. Bennett is content to rest his work upon devices such as these. Although he is a man of millions and although he is getting along in years, it may be said of him that he works harder for the Herald than does any man in his employ. During the last year he has frequently been in the habit of rising at five o'clock in the morning, partaking of black coffee and working an hour and a half getting up his plans so that he might cable them in proper time to his workers in Herald Square for their immediate guidance. When he wishes to get into personal touch with the heads of his departments, he orders them to come to him in Paris, thus sparing himself the tedium of frequent ocean voyages.

Every day, there is sent to Mr. Bennett a copy of the Herald, every article in which is marked with the name of the man who wrote it. By this means, he keeps in touch with the daily work and progress of every man on his staff. The slightest error will be quickly ferreted out by his eagle eye and a warning bulletin is speedily posted by him following his detection in a "story" of, for instance, the word "gentleman" instead of "man," the use of some such phrase as "J. Pierpont Morgan, the financier," instead of "J. Pierpont Morgan, a financier," or similar violations of a huge, frakish "don't list," the vigorous adherence to which he insists upon.

In addition to keeping in the closest touch with the New York Herald, this wonderfully odd man of journalism keeps in personal touch with the Paris edition of the Herald, makes intermittent trips to the London office and looks after, by cable, the New York Evening Telegram, in which he takes much pride, because he started it himself after he had inherited the Herald.

In the management of his newspapers almost everything with Mr.

Bennett seems to be a matter of mood. An editor one day may be assigned to "cover" the Harlem police court the following day. The foreman of the pressroom may be summoned to fill an important editorial chair. A comparatively obscure member of the reporter staff may be elevated to a "desk job." Such changes are naturally attributed by outsiders to the ever-changing moods of the Man in Paris, and yet, as has been stated, where the sudden changes may seem to be only the results of moods, subsequent developments may show the peculiar workings of the Bennett brain in the alterations. A man may be removed from a high position because he is making a name for himself through the efficiency of his work. There must be no individual "hits" made by Herald men. They are allowed to sign their names to no articles, and even an editor is known, not by his name, but by his office in the Herald realm. Thus, it is not "John Jones, the City Editor," in communications, but merely "The City Editor." James Gordon Bennett is the only name known in the Herald office. The "box" printed on the editorial page with the names of the editors and printers is only one of the contradictory Bennett angles.

As soon as a man in Mr. Bennett's employ becomes well known he is discharged. "Workers, not celebrities," is the rule. If he is not discharged, he is reduced in position. When Henry M. Stanley returned to Herald Square after having penetrated the African jungles in the search for Livingstone and had won world-fame, Mr. Bennett ordered him to "cover" the Tenderloin police station, one of the most meager of reporterly posts. When a certain dramatic writer on the Telegram several years ago was beginning to be praised for his work, Mr. Bennett ordered his discharge, and commanded that henceforth the

critic's work be done by different reporters—a new one for each play. One of the results was a "criticism" of "Sappho and Phao," by the reporter whose most regular assignment at the time happened to be the "covering" of fires.

Other whims of Mr. Bennett find illustration in his dismissal years ago of a music critic simply because "he was such a funny looking man" and of his making a financial editor about fifteen years ago out of a man whose forte was dramatic criticism. Mr. Bennett has always been a "stickler" in the matter of the personal appearance of the men in his employ, and he demands neatness above all things. They used to tell a story in this regard that shows the unexpected turn that Mr. Bennett makes every once in a while.

Anticipating a visit from the proprietor, word was sent quivering through the office that every man was to spruce up and look his best. There was a hurry, a clatter, a dash to get into trim, and when Mr. Bennett appeared the general survey was a pleasing one. That is, forgetting one man who had not heard the advance news of The Coming and who, consequently, had not "cleaned up." When Mr. Bennett entered the big room of the city department the trim members of the staff clustered around the untidy one in an effort to hide him from view. Mr. Bennett spied him, however, and asked him to step out.

With visions of dismissal in his mind's eye, the unkempt reporter faced his employer, who said lightly: "You are the only man in here who looks as if he'd been working. You can add fifteen dollars a week to your salary."

Mr. Bennett does not like his men to have their visiting cards inscribed with the name of the Herald. It is related that when one of his men called upon him one day and presented his card, "John Smith," with "The New York Herald" engraved

beneath, Mr. Bennett glanced at him and sarcastically remarked: "Um, so you are the New York Herald."

Illustrative of the peculiar campaigns which Mr. Bennett starts with his newspapers are the comparatively recent instances of his efforts to effect an American alliance with China, his efforts to stir up trouble with Japan and his efforts to introduce the metric system into usage in this country. He spends thousands of dollars exploiting every one of these schemes and pays many men to gather interviews praising the ideas and to evolve further ideas for the popularization of the fundamental ideas. For James Gordon Bennett is a fighter, and once he sets out to do a thing he either does it or does everything in his power to prove to himself that it is impossible to execute.

The introduction of the metric system into this country has been one of his greatest desires for many years, and, although two different campaigns that he has undertaken have not yet brought about the fulfillment of his purpose, he still maintains his fight for the American adoption of the French mathematical standards.

One of the best known foreign illustrations of Mr. Bennett's stick-to-it-iveness is his printing every day in the Paris edition of the Herald the now famous letter of "An Old Philadelphia Lady." One day, years ago, the other Paris journals ridiculed the Herald for entering into an explanatory discussion of the question: "What is the difference between Fahrenheit and centigrade?" propounded by a woman who signed herself as indicated above. Mr. Bennett, disliking the pool-poohing attitude of the other papers, ordered that the letter be printed every day thereafter, and it has been and still is.

Sensational and stock-creating methods for the gathering and dispensing of news are among Mr. Ben-

nett's hobbies. The carrier pigeon service that he installed on the roof of the New York Herald building, the steam yacht Owllet that now meets the incoming liners, the wireless service imparting Wall Street market news to the New York Yacht Club fleet on its annual cruises, the placing of an American dramatic critic in London, and other equally novel features show the resourcefulness of this stop-at-nothing journalistic Monte Cristo. Although one of his rules is the prohibition of the use of superlatives in the columns of the Herald, Mr. Bennett indulges in all sorts of superlativeness to promote the interests of his newspapers. On election nights, the Herald's signal searchlight must be placed on the highest tower in all New York. In the hurrying of the early editions to the trains, the Herald must be carted by the fastest of the newspaper delivery automobiles. In its reports of opera premieres, of summer resort news and of foreign happenings, the Herald must have more pictures and devote more space than any other paper. If another newspaper has six men on the Vanderbilt Cup race, the Herald must have seven. Everything must centre on the securing (this word is also a Herald "don't") of a "beat," i.e., something exclusive. It is related that the entire staff of one of the Herald's departments was discharged at one time because another metropolitan paper had printed a "beat" in its line.

James Gordon Bennett's actions have always been modeled after the Monte Cristo principles: "The journalistic world is mine!" And his great fortune he is always ready to use to back up his cry. His personal life, too, has been laid in the lane of royalty, in a romantic Monte Cristo atmosphere that is almost unqualified in modern day American prosaicism. His friends have been culled from the royal houses of Europe; kings, queens, lords,

dukes, earls have been his companions. He has "put up" in the Imperial Palace with the Czar (which he spells Tsar) and he has wagered on the Derby's outcome with the then Prince of Wales and the now King of England. His breast has been decorated with multi-colored ribbons and variously made medals. His yacht *Lysistrata*, ornamented with the same sort of owls that blink from the cornices of the Herald Building in New York, has entertained on board many of the world's rulers, artists, men of affairs and other brilliant personages.

At Monte Carlo, in the Riviera, as in the capitals, James Gordon Bennett has been a notable figure. His advent has always been preceded by that expectant hush and semi-repressed sense of preparation that is reserved for "Them of the Crown." With his small accompanying party he has ever been the centre of the thousand glances of surrounding tables. His departure has always been characterized with a similar dignity, solemnity and half-mystery that is as inexplicable as it is unusual in the instance of an American, of any other American.

There has always been something of swashbuckling, soldier-of-fortune, dare-devil regality in this man Bennett's romantic make-up. Years ago, while seated in front of the blazing grate in the Union Club with Pierre Lorillard and several other friends, one of the latter, glancing out at the snow that swirled against the huge windows, remarked that it was a bad night on which to venture out.

"You call this bad?" laughed Bennett, "why, I wouldn't mind sailing my yacht across the ocean in just such weather."

"Ten thousand dollars you would not do any such thing," cried out his friend.

"I'll take the bet," replied Bennett

quietly, "and I'll double it and race you to England."

The story of Mr. Bennett's yacht race across the winter seas created the sensation of the day.

Several years later, Mr. Bennett, back in America again at the holiday season, dropped into one of his clubs and, in an absent-minded moment, handed the waiter, who was serving him, his purse containing several hundred dollars. The waiter, dumbfounded, took the purse and went back to the service room. Recovering from his surprise half an hour later, he approached the table where Mr. Bennett was seated. Several of the latter's friends had joined him by this time.

"I beg your pardon, sir," the waiter addressed Mr. Bennett, "but you gave me two hundred and ninety dollars a while ago. You didn't mean to, did you, sir?"

Sensitive about his even rarely occurring absent-mindedness and rather than let his friends know about it, Mr. Bennett, looking over his shoulder, said to the waiter: "Certainly I did, James, just as a little Christmas gift. Only I thought I had given you an even three hundred. Here is the other ten."

On another occasion, while at the Herald office on one of his periodic visits to this country, a small fire broke out in West Thirty-sixth Street, near the Herald building, and the dignified Mr. Bennett, in truly democratic spirit, headed a score of men of his staff in a "fire brigade" to extinguish the blaze. The strings of office hose were jerked from their rests and, dragged to the north windows, were trained on the fire, which was quickly put out. No one in the office enjoyed the fun more than did the owner of the Herald.

It is related that on the occasion of another of his visits, while walking through the west corridor of the Herald building, he came into collision with a "copy boy," who was rushing headlong down the hallway,

and that, appreciating the lad's vim in getting around, despite the discomfort that the boy's head had caused his stomach when it came into quick contact with it, he handed the "copy boy" a two-dollar bill.

About twelve years ago (Mr. Bennett rules that starting a paragraph with an expression of time is bad journalism), the Herald proprietor decided that he wanted a new head for his Paris edition. He had two men in mind for the position and he asked both to call on him a certain evening at his hotel. One of the men had been so busy in the office all day that he had no time to change his clothes before going to meet Mr. Bennett. The other man, however, appeared in immaculate evening attire. Mr. Bennett's decision was immediate. He pointed to the carefully groomed man and said: "The position is yours." That man is still in his employ and holds one of the best posts in the Bennett command.

Now, although it is perfectly natural that an act like this on the part of a man looking for an able journalist to fill an important post is to be regarded in the light of a freakish, unthinking whim, it is nevertheless paradoxically true that the final results obtained by Mr. Bennett from such "whims" have almost always seemed to justify his instantaneous, peculiarly angled decisions. The intricate journalistic psychology whereby he reads men, the bold theory that a man's mind is frequently to be judged by the degree of his well-groomedness and an inborn reliance in his lucky star have made this man what he is—the plutocrat of the press.

Mr. Bennett is a journalistic fatalist. With his "damno-torpedoes-go-ahead" policy, it is not entirely to be doubted that, even had he been born to comparative poverty, he would have gained for himself a place of prominence in the press world. He is a man who does not

believe in second thoughts. He is action, all action and quick action. His character is best summed up in a remark he made to a friend of his many years ago at Newport: "I admire a fighter, yes," he said, "but only when he gets in the first blow."

Reference has been made to Newport. It has probably been forgotten by this time that much of that resort's claim to the name of The American Society Capital rests in what Mr. Bennett did for it in years gone by. With his intimate knowledge of European purpleness, his own red-white-and-blue social standing and his command over the powers of gold and black-and-white, he devoted a great deal of his attention toward the development of the Rhode Island colony of ultra-New Yorkers. The Newport Casino was an inaugurative gift of his. The great affairs at which he was host, his magnificent villa that encouraged the erection of others, his urging of the elaboration of yachting interests, his showing of prancing turn-outs that did much toward bringing out society's equine displays and his activity in working for the general improvement of the resort were all big factors in the evolution of the Newport of former days the glorious Newport of Here and Now.

Even though Mr. Bennett is rarely seen at Newport these years, his interests in its welfare is shown in many different ways. The news of the resort is featured in his newspapers and particularly detailed attention is devoted to the dolings of its leading social lights. In the last few summers Mr. Bennett has worked out a launch service so that the resort may be supplied with his newspaper at an earlier hour than would be possible if the old-time train service were relied upon.

In his dealings with the men who have served him, James Gordon Bennett's way is spectacularly contradictory. Some men who have serv-

ed well on his newspapers for many years have been suddenly removed from their positions with no word of explanation. Others who have labored faithfully in his employ have been relieved from work, and have been given a handsome pension for the rest of their days. Men who have been employed by him as personal servants have been given easy tasks in their old age, and a sufficient remuneration on which to live well. An old valet, who had been with Mr. Bennett in his younger days, is at present in charge of the visitors' corridor in Herald Square. And the same old negro who washed the Herald windows long, long years ago, is still washing them at a yearly increased salary.

Two of Mr. Bennett's idiosyncracies are his lack of belief in the value of a college education and his aversion toward smoking the last half of his cigars. In relation to the first, it is not uninteresting to note that most of the men who have been given high positions by him have been non-university men. Mr. Bennett himself is not a college graduate and he holds that collegiate training is not necessary in the making of newspaper men. Those few college men who have won the higher positions in his employ have not held them long.

As to cigars, and he is an inveterate smoker, the Herald proprietor never consumes more than half of one of the heavy Havanas he has manufactured especially for his use. When he has smoked half a cigar, he throws it away and lights a fresh one.

No better further illustration of the Bennett oddness is to be had than the Herald building in Herald Square. Modeled after one of the famous Venetian palaces, its interior arrangement is like that of a yacht. The city room is the rear deck, the reception room and offices make up a forward deck, and the departments — dramatic, financial,

correspondents, etc. — are a la cabins. "Below" is the machinery that makes the Herald go. When the building was erected Mr. Bennett said he meant it to be an argument against the sky-scraper class of architecture that he detests.

Journalism, travel and society, however, is not the sole trinity of James Gordon Bennett's interests. He is a lover of sport of every kind, and the many "Gordon Bennett cups" that he has offered to further competition in various lines of sport, both at home and abroad, demonstrate his personal attention to the outdoor world of skill and muscle.

Children do not interest Mr. Bennett. Animals do. He is a great lover of dogs and it is a well-known Herald office tradition that he would almost rather see a good "dog story" on his first page than the narrative of a fatal tunnel explosion. Just as Mr. Pulitzer, of the World, likes

front-page stories, dealing with peculiar optical operations and just as Mr. Hearst, of the American, prefers stories of political scandal, so does Mr. Bennett cherish a good "human interest" dog story.

Such a man, all in all, is James Gordon Bennett, friend of copy-boys and monarchs and enemy of both. Such a man is the Bennett who one moment discharges a reporter because of a slip of the pen and the next moment startles the world with a cable campaign against an empire. Such a man is he who, with millions at his command, feels the pulse of the earth's beating hearts and prescribes frowning or smiling line-type according to the dictates of a passing mood.

Patron of sport, man of whim and mystery, respecter of all governments and none—James Gordon Bennett, the Monte Cristo of modern journalism.

On Being Happy

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Pleasures are more beneficial than duties because, like the quality of mercy, they are not strained, and they are thrice blessed. There must always be two to a kiss, and there may be a score in a jest; but wherever there is an element of sacrifice, the favor is conferred with pain and received with confusion. There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy, we shower anonymous benefits upon the world. A happy man or a happy woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted.

Business First—But Pleasure After

By SIR FORTUNE FREE

From the Saturday Journal

THE British sailor is such a magnificent fellow for doing his duty that he is just the person one is sorry for when duty demands something of him that is disagreeable. Thousands of them will this Christmas have a disappointment. In the papers I read that the Admiralty have come to the conclusion that it won't be safe to let more than half the sailors of the fleet off at the same time for their holidays. Thanks to the folk who have been making trouble in the East of Europe, Jack will have to be ready for what may turn up. Pleasure has to give way to business.

I am sorry for Jack, whose holiday it has delayed, and for the other folk who had been so eagerly looking forward to his coming to them to hear how he has been getting on in the world, and all his adventures since they last set eyes on him. Like a sensible fellow, he will, I have no doubt, do his level best to be as happy as he possibly can wherever he is. Good luck to him!

Charles Dickens, in a letter he wrote to a friend, described how he had one day visited an old gentleman who had been a fearfully hard worker. Dickens happened to let drop the remark that the old gentleman "had not had much fun in this world."

"I'd like to know how you got that notion into your head?" snapped the old gentleman; "keep your pity for them as ask for it. Fun! I have had heaps of it! Think I'm a fool? I never let pleasure interfere with my business, but I got as much pleasure

out of my business as I could, and as much fun out of my fun, as I could. Pah!"

Dickens described that old gentleman as "thorough," and he certainly appears like it. He went, as the Americans say, "bald-headed" for his duty, and in the same whole-hearted fashion for his pleasure. A good many people make a mess of both by not following his example. A lady the other day who had discharged her cook at a moment's notice explained to the court the circumstances that led to the last fatal rupture between them. The cook, she declared, had many excellent qualities, but had nothing to boast of on the score of meekness of temper. When she one day spoilt the dinner through her being distracted over a new dress she had been fitting on in the kitchen with a view to going in it to a party, and afterwards spoilt the dress by upsetting a big part of the dinner over it, it proved too much for her. She got so excited that it was really necessary, having regard to conducting the house on other lines than that of a wild beast show, to get rid of her. That cook is not the first person by a lot who has spoilt anticipated pleasure by forgetting "business first, and pleasure after."

Millais, the great artist, was an enthusiastic fisherman. He related how once he persuaded an extremely busy gentleman to accompany him on one of his excursions. The business one turned up considerably depressed, explaining that the thought of the fish he felt sure he was going to catch had,

he feared, caused him to forget a lot of things he ought to have done the day before. Millais tried his best to cheer him up. But the anxious one could not get it out of his head that, while thinking of the fishing, he had put a highly important letter into the wrong envelope and sent it to the very last person who ought to have received it. However, now he would enjoy himself. If that letter had gone wrong, he explained, it might cost him a hundred pounds, and if he lost that hundred pounds he would in all probability be unable, later in the year, to visit a rich old aunt of his who ought to leave him something in her will. If she did not leave that money in her will it would be awful!

"However, I have come to enjoy myself," he explained. They had walked about five miles to the fishing by that time, when he put his hand into his pocket and turned pale. He had discovered he had never sent the letter off at all! It was in his pocket all the time. As it was most urgent, and must be sent off at once, he had to give up any idea of fishing that day. The nearest post office was about seven miles off.

"To get the most pleasure out of life—and everyone has a right to pleasure—put business first," advised the founder of the Rothschild fortunes. It is the quickest road, undoubtedly, but we are tempted to try short cuts that don't prove as good as they look.

"It don do ter try ter git hi 'appinens too quick," said Ebenezer Eh, the black philosopher, addressing his weekly gathering of admirers. "Ef you wants a turkey, buy it, my fren's. It may seem de longer way run, but it mos' of 'em ain't—an' it's der safest. Dis nite de seat on Brudder Barkus is empty. Brudder Barkus is in der penitentiary doing time, an' it 'angs precious 'ard on 'is 'ends. He's learning, he is—thinkin' hard. An' now an' again 'is thoughts is interrupted by a fut in der passage, an' der door opens an' a turkey looks in an' says: 'Look 'ere, you ole thief

ob a nigger, if I let yer chaw this key ov mine do yer think yer'd imagine ez it was a bone of old Farmer Moss' turkey ez made your wicked mouth go waterin'?' He tried ter be too quick, did Brudder Barkus."

We are too quick, like old Barkus, when we try to obtain pleasure without earning it first. But it is a remarkably easy mistake to fall into. I had an example of that the other day when a young friend of mine sought my advice on his financial affairs. What he wanted to know was how it was thirty-seven shillings a week would "act go round"? The solution of the mystery was his paying a guinea a week for his rooms.

I was reading the "Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins," the great judge, the other day. His early life was no joke. For five years he had to make ends meet on an allowance of one hundred pounds a year—not a big amount, and less even than it looks when one considers that he had some more serious calls upon his purse than most young fellows have. It was a grim struggle between him and pleasure in those days. "I made up my mind never to sacrifice business to pleasure," he says; "never even to indulge in pleasure that, though not interfering with business at the time, might interfere with it later." He stuck to it, and he winds up his life by declaring that he had had "a happy time."

When a man takes an afternoon off to see a football match when he knows he ought to be minding his shop, it is not so hard for him to recognize that he has sacrificed his business to pleasure. When he does it too often events have a way of making the fact perfectly clear to him. But it is not always so easy to recognize the pleasures that the great judge spoke of as "though not interfering with business at the time, might interfere with it later."

In a case I read in the newspapers some time since a young gentleman was dismissed by his employers, as he put it, for playing the violin in his

leisure hours. Now there does not seem a more innocent recreation than that! It turned out, however, that he played the violin so well that he was in almost constant nightly demand at various parties. He got home to bed at any time between two and four in the morning, and, as a consequence, when he arrived at his place of business the same morning, did not seem quite sure whether he was taking shorthand notes or playing the violin still.

Sir Richard Quain, the great physician, once amazed a patient who consulted him as to the state of his health by declaring that there was not a doubt as to what he needed. He wanted change. But change, the patient, with some petulance, declared, was just what he was always after and just what he was always having.

"The change, sir, I advise you to make is to cease to be a simpleton and to take up some serious work," retorted Quain. "You cannot stand the monotony of being always able to do just what is agreeable to you. None can."

That had never struck the patient before. Some of my friends imagine they would be immensely more happy if they could only have a good deal more of the pleasures they enjoy. It is just because they contrast those scanty pleasures with their work that they enjoy them so much. Work makes half the pleasure of pleasure, and pleasure, of the right kind, braces one up for work. One cannot get one without the other. The only difficulty is to see that our work and our pleasures are rightly related to one another.

"The feller ex went gropin' in the chemist's store in the dark tastin' the bottles ter see what would do him good didn't get hold av ther right bottle, it seems," remarked Artemus Ward. "Anyway, they found him stretched on the floor the next mornin'."

It is worth while to see that one has got hold of the right bottle. "Business first, and pleasure after," and don't, as to the pleasure, be defrauded with worthless or even harmful substitutes."

Public and Private Duties

By John Ruskin

Generally we are under the impression that a man's duties are public, and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so. A man has a personal work or duty relating to his own home, and a public work or duty which is the expansion of the other—relating to the state. So a woman has a personal work and duty relating to her own home, and a public work and duty which is also the expansion of that.

Concerning Addition*

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

EVERY little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more."

I wish that I could print the music to that popular refrain as its felicitous rag-time adds to the catchiness of the dictum.

"Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more."

It's an amusing song, and the suggested advice is good. Strange how many people there are who do not act on it!

There were two brothers born within a year or two of each other and of the same parents—that's why they were brothers—but they were as different as day and night.

One of them always bent on accumulating experiences of one kind or another; he was fond of music, fond of books, fond of pictures. He possessed a good deal of curiosity regarding the habits of men, and neglected his business—so they say—in order to increase his stock of knowledge concerning mankind. But, after all, that was his own business. He was fond of going to the theatre, and while he always picked out good plays, still, in the opinion of his brother, he might have been employed staying late at his office, heaping up dollars.

The brother was heaping them up all right. Why, that man was the first one to reach his office and the last one to leave it. The office boy always got tired of waiting for him

and went home before him. You may be sure that his business prospered, and at thirty he was worth a hundred times as much as his unbusinesslike brother. He may have had an ear for music when he was a boy, but at thirty he had lost it, and regarded time spent at concerts as money thrown away.

Time and money were convertible terms with him, and he sought by every means in his power to build up a huge fortune.

Reading was not for him. Books were apt to be idle thoughts, only fit for idle fellows, and he had no time to waste on nonsense. Pictures might make good investments if a man happened to buy the right kind, but he didn't pretend to know a good one from a bad one, and so he never bought any. The companionship of his fellows was not congenial to him and he belonged to no clubs. A club, in his opinion, was a place where a man wasted time that might have been employed in making money and where idle fellows swapped titter stories. No, the office for him and his whole mind to the making of money.

His brother went to Europe, to South America, to Asia; how he did it was a mystery, for he made very little money. He seemed to know how to get a good deal of service for a small expenditure of silver, and he acted as if life were an enjoyable thing.

Neither brother married, and after a time old age came upon each of them.

*A chapter from "The Knack in It," a clever book of modern wisdom, published in 4 months by Henry Frowde, 25, Abchurch Lane, E. C. 4, London.

Then the moneyed man retired from business, broken in health and with nothing to do but regret that he had not made more money while he was at it.

But the "lazy" brother, who had worked his mind and his sensibilities for all they were worth his whole life long, was able to sit by himself, it need be, and have the full companionship of the many bright minds that he had known in life and in books, to bring before his mind's eye the many lovely pictures he had seen on canvas and in the landscape, to call up to recollection's ear the delightful harmonies that he had heard from the world's greatest orchestras, the beautiful melodies that had come from full-throated singers; and if he had had none of these solaces, great reward would have been his in his ability to reach up to his book shelves and pick therefrom the fruit of a lifetime's gathering.

The one, rich, old and unhappy; the other, rich in associations, friends, and all those things that go to the making of a cultivated man—and the heart of a boy in him still.

"Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more," and the wise brother had added a little bit of information to a little bit of amusement and a little bit of goodwill and a little bit of helpfulness, and so when he was seventy he had an accumulation that sufficed him for the long twilight of a healthy old age, while his brother, the money-getter—

It has just occurred to me that he too, followed the advice, but it does not seem to have done him much good. Every little bit (of money) added to what (money) you've got makes just a little bit more (money), but all the money in the world won't buy goodfellowship, real, sincere goodfellowship—I mean, if you haven't planted the seeds of friendliness in your youth; and when you are seventy and have

neglected books all your life you are not going to sit down and suddenly enjoy them. Nor will a rich man find that his bulging pocket-books can buy him appreciation of the beautiful in pictures or of the gorgeous tone-coloring in symphonies, if he had neglected to begin his addition of one kind of cultivation to another kind in his boyhood and young manhood.

Don't regard the money spent on a good play or a good concert as money thrown away. Don't regard the hour spent with a good friend as time thrown away. Don't regard the time spent on a captivating romance or a well-developed novel or a cleverly written essay as time mis-spent. Don't regard the time spent in outdoor sports as wasted.

I'm not advocating idleness or the neglect of duty. If a man is in business let him give his mind to the business. If I had given my mind to the business I was in when I was a young man I might to-day control the dry goods market.

Don't do as I did, but do as I advise. If I spent my time in picture galleries that should have been given to separating the moreens from the mohairs, or attending afternoon concerts when I should have been extirpating the buntings from among the worsteds, I was adding a little bit of time that I didn't own to some more that I had already got (dishonestly), and while it made a little bit more, it didn't better my character at all, and if I had stayed in the dry goods business I fear to say what I might have become.

Be sure that your time is your own, and then spend it so as to accumulate treasure for your old age; and if you die before you are old you will have already realized a good deal of your investment.

Now let us sing together: "Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more."

David Belasco, Manager of Actors

By DAVID WARFIELD

From the Green Book Magazine

WHEN I was a little boy, long ago, and spoke of the theatre as "the show"—it is the beginning that is always the most difficult in any task and I am grateful to James Whitcomb Riley for having written "The Little Old Man in the Tin Shon," for his beginning may truthfully be mine.

Very well then—when I was a little boy long ago in San Francisco though it is not nearly so long as it seems—once upon a night I clambered the noisy stairs to the gallery of the old Bush Street Theatre, lured by the lively bills on the sidewalk-boards announcing the engagement of Fritz Emmett. What the play was I do not remember—Fritz Something, or Fritz Somewhere, for after all it was the personality of Emmett that drew the crowds, not his play. But I do remember a certain actor in the company, an actor no less earnest than poor, who appeared in three different characters in the piece, each more wretchedly played than the other, all combining to form a performance of singular badness. I may explain the impression this player made upon me by recalling that even then I hoped, some day, to be an actor myself, and was as eagerly watchful of ill performances on the part of the players it was given me to see as of the best. And this man was so very bad as a duke, an Italian, and a negro, that I then and there selected his performance as the starting-point of my ambition.

"I must never be so bad," I adjured myself as I crept down those threatening stairs out into the street.

The lure of the theatre had me fast, and I became an usher. For several years I ushered. Probably a firmer little usher than I never slammed down a seat and poked a program into an outstretched hand. At any rate I prefer to think that such was the case.

It was while I was engaged in assuming a talent when I had it not, as an usher, that I first came to know David Belasco. I say "know" but that is not the word, for between us hung that subtle gossamer, that transparent but no less impenetrable curtain that separates the "front of the house" from the fairy-land of lights behind the scenes.

Mr. Belasco at that time was stage-manager at the old Baldwin Theatre, the Daly's of the coast, if I may call it so. Even then, as I recall, the master craftsman's touch was discernible in the productions that were made by him. Surrounded by no glamour of romance, he was merely a tireless toiler—a toiler in shirt-sleeves—attempting to wrest order out of chaos. The world had not then discovered David Belasco; indeed, I doubt if he had really discovered himself.

The seasons passed. I became an actor; that in the process I became also prematurely gray may not, perhaps, be pertinent. But at last there came a day that I shall never forget. It was at the end of a mariner

at Weber & Fields' theatre in New York. I had been making love on a green bench to Lillian Russell in the burlesque, and on leaving the theatre after the performance a note was handed me by the stage door-keeper. It was a simple request, signed by David Belasco, that I call on him. And the next afternoon I obeyed the summons—for it was quite that—a summons; moreover a summons that meant more to me than a king's command.

David Belasco was in his office in Carnegie Hall. And what a bijou office it was—see, I am drawing the plan of it here on the blotter as I write, and it was little larger than the plan, I assure you, a watch-charm of an office. I came upon Belasco as he was preparing to move; he had taken another room upstairs—I wish I might say a smaller one. He was in his shirt-sleeves—arranging a mountainous mass of papers—plays, parts, sketches, scene models, all the documents of his work. And this is the sort of a man he seemed to me—a dynamo of human energy wrapped in black—all but the shirt-sleeves and the priestly collar. His flat, pinless cravat was black, his shoes were black, his eyes—the most wonderful eyes in the world—were black. The face he turned to me was smooth and round, a face mingling suggestions of the actor and the cleric, a mobile face that seemed to light as our eyes met. He snatched a great pile of papers from the only chair in the room and said:

"Sit down."

As I approached this little office with less fear than I might have felt, less perhaps than I should have felt. For success had been mine—in a little way and I was proud—in a rather larger way. But at the command to sit down—spoken as if he were ordering a child, all that self-esteem fled from me and I realized that here I was face to face with the master of his craft, the man, above

all others, whom I had come to regard as the greatest producing manager in America.

As he talked he sat on the end of his desk—thrusting bundles of papers aside to make room. He said he had frequently seen me in various burlesques and wondered if I had ever had hopes of one day starring in a legitimate play. I frankly told him that I had never had any other hopes.

"How would you like to star under my management?" he casually inquired.

I gulped and tried to smile, and I distinctly recall that my fingers spasmodically closed around an old horse-shoe that lay there on the desk. An instant of great joy for me, and then, remembering my contract, hope fled, as it had often fled before. I told him that my engagement had eighteen months to run.

"Ah!" he said, inclining his white head. "We'll wait?"

Thereupon came back to me—why I do not know—some of the valor that had been mine as I approached the office. There was nothing I could say; nothing I should say, and so I said what proved to be the right thing. I told him that years before, from the top gallery of the old Bush Street Theatre in San Francisco, I had seen an actor—no, not double on brass—but triple in character.

"I shall never forget him," I said, "for never in my life have I seen a worse actor."

That vagrant memory proved to be the touchstone.

Pausing, as if in doubt, David Belasco lanced me with those marvelous eyes. Then he smiled; and my smile met his as our hands touched. With that smile and hand-clasp began our friendship, a friendship that on my part shall live as long as it is given me to live, and that on his, I pray, may live as long.

Eighteen months crept by on leaden feet, then dawned the day when I was free. Meantime I had neither

seen David Belasco nor had a word from him. Could the beginning of an association such as ours has since become have less romance about it?

"Should I go to him?" I asked myself.

He was a very important man, besieged by all too many aspiring players and yet—I need not have worried over my missed opportunity. On the Saturday of the week that my contract expired came another note from him, a note as simple and direct as the man himself. I have kept it—shall keep it always; it lies here before me now.

Come and see me.

David Belasco.

So another meeting followed. I am ashamed for myself to say how speedily it followed. It was in the new office—the bigger office—for those eighteen months had meant as much to David Belasco as the coming eighteen months meant, in promise, to me. The blind goddess had lifted for a little instant the band across her eyes, and singling him out from among the many, had poured her benefits upon him. He was become a great man, yet success had only softened him. To me he seemed gentler than he had been before; and a more gentle man I have never known.

The necessary business-arrangements were completed with such celerity that, after signing my name to the contract, I blinked. And that is the only contract I have ever signed with him.

"There," said Belasco, "I'm glad that is over with."

For you must know that it is the details of business that distress him as they do every man and woman who is gifted—or shall I say cursed?—with that elusive but no less definite quality of personality that we have come to define as the artist-temperament.

As he spoke he smiled. There is something bewitching in David Belasco's smile—a shadow of play, it

seems to me, much humor, and more of whimsy, a smile with something of heart-reaching sadness in it, for the man can never forget the old hard days of yester year when, confronting material tasks worthy of a Hercules' prowess, he still strove to create from the elusive, unmastered art-sense within him.

I awakened at last and, from the clouds whither I had been lifted by realization that in ten minutes I had become a Belasco star—on paper—I dropped solidly back to earth.

"But what shall we do for a play?" I asked.

"It is being written," was the calm, assuring reply accompanied by a twinkle of eyes from beneath the white thatch of brows.

I knew David Belasco for a magician, but I had not dreamed of magic equal to this.

"So you knew I would come?" I said.

He nodded: "How did you know?"

It was then, for the first time that I was given to understand something of David Belasco's philosophy—the philosophy that has been his from the beginning.

Leaning toward me, and resting one hand on my knee, he said:

"I wanted you with me. I have wanted you with me for two years. You'll learn, David, if you haven't already, that in this world a man may have whatever he sets his heart upon, provided he wants it hard enough."

He rose then, and still in the mood my question had induced, walked to the window and stood there, gazing down into the current of the street. Perhaps he regretted having given me that glimpse of his hidden self—perhaps, in voicing that single tenet of his creed his mind had flown back to the dead days when he had first set his heart on achieving that which was now his—success, the world's recognition, a people's praise. I do not know. But this I

do know; that the little speech served as a seal, a seal of gold, upon the document of friendship created when our eyes had met and our hands had clasped in fellowship, eighteen months before. I remember that the sun was sinking, a ball of fire balanced on the distant roofs.

"Do you see that sun, David?" The man at the window asked, and so quietly it was as if he were thinking aloud. "It's not going forever, over behind those roofs. It's coming up again to-morrow brighter than ever before. It's your sun, David, and it's going to give To-morrow—to you."

Then I did not understand him; but now, in the light of the years that have passed, I do. And for all the successive To-morrows that sun has brought me, a part of my gratitude is due the man who stood at the window that afternoon gazing into the West, whence he, himself, a young Lochinvar of his art, had come with burnished lance to conquer.

"Besides," he added, with the whimsical playfulness that those who are closest to him love him for the best of all, "I found another horse-shoe this morning; which proves it, if proof be necessary."

For David Belasco—the David Belasco whom I know and knowing, love—possesses all the surface-characteristics of the genius that he is. His superstitions are brilliantly illuminating, and by a system of what may well be called "concomitant philosophy" he analyzes them and justifies his belief in them.

Thus, one afternoon during the New York run of "The Auctioneer" we were walking through Forty-Second Street. Suddenly Mr. Belasco stooped and picked up a piece of coal which he stowed away in one of the capacious pockets of his overcoat. Our conversation had suffered no break, and though I wondered, it was not until he had thus stooped and picked up a third piece

of coal that my curiosity obtained the upper hand.

As it chanced, a little girl of the streets, a tiny, wan-faced elf with a shawl over her brown head and a basket on her thin arm, had spied that bit of coal at the same instant.

Belasco had been the quicker, reading the distress in the child's face, he gave her a dime, but kept the bit of coal.

"Will you please tell me," I exploded at last, "why you go about picking up coal? Do you need it? If you do, I—"

"David," he said, with that illuminating smile, as he walked on, "I always pick up coal. I have a box in the studio full of coal that I have picked up."

"But why?" I insisted.

"Because, David," he explained, as if he were a patient master and I a backward pupil, "coal is power—potential power. Coal runs this great world. Can I afford to pass a bit of this potential power lying at my feet without picking it up and making it a part of myself? Who can say that my success has not been due to that very thing—a subtle absorption into my very being of the potential power in the bits of coal I have picked up."

No further explanation was necessary or forthcoming, for with an exclamation of delight he stooped again and rescued a bent and rusty nail which he dropped into his pocket along with the coal.

"Now nails are different," he proceeded, soberly. "Nails hold things together. A nail is the most perfect symbol of cohesion that I know of. And what perception is of more value to a dramatist than a sense of cohesion. There mustn't be any warping or cracks in a play, David. It must be tight. It must hold water. In order that this sense may be reinforced in my mind from time to time, I pick up nails. If you do not pick up nails, David," he added

wisely, "I would suggest that you acquire the habit."

The analytical sense, you say? Perhaps, but at least a characteristic and a lovable trait for all it may give to him at last he arrives at the studio after a walk, a certain likeness to a base-burner.

The ordinary superstitions, however, save those that invest the black cat and the horseshoe with magical properties, have no part in his catalogue of virtuous beliefs. He is little concerned with the opening of an umbrella in the theatre, and is quite immune to the ill effects attendant upon a deadhead entering a playhouse on an opening night in advance of a "paid admission."

In this connection I recall distinctly an incident that occurred on the night we opened in "The Music Master" in Atlantic City. We had worked hard for weeks; we were tired; mentally we were wretchedly afraid the play would prove a failure, but late in the afternoon Belasco appeared and I have never seen him gayed. He told us that the play was going to be a great success. The reason for his confidence in that dark hour I did not learn until the next day. At the very doorway of the theatre that afternoon he had found a nail, a piece of coal, and a horseshoe; further, a black cat, crouching on the sill of the stage-entrance, had rubbed against his ankles and permitted him to caress her.

Could the spirits of the night, that rule our lives have worked to better purpose? Dear David Belasco, may you go on finding coal and nails and horseshoes and black cats through years unnumbered!

It is my belief, however, that these amusing crochets are the mere whimsical fancies of a man whose mind is really never off the work to which he has dedicated his life. For no one knows better than David Belasco that what the Fates hold for a man must be wrested from them, and no man ever worked hard-

er for his heart's desire than he. His life has been one long song of toil. That he loves his labor has, of course, rendered it the less arduous, but patient toil has been his portion always, and will be, I have no doubt, until the end. Day and night are one to him—time to be utilized, to be bent to his will, to serve as a slave in the creation of that upon which he has set his heart. I have known him to work day after day without leaving his studio, begrudging the minutes necessary to snatch a bite of food from the tray that is brought to him. Many are the occasions when, completely exhausted, he has fallen asleep in his chair, his white head pillowed on his arms flung out across his desk. He works always at the top of his bent. No minute is too small for his consideration; no project too great for eager, practical consideration.

While engaged upon the composition of a play, there is nothing in the world to him but that play. A relay of stenographers are frequent by employed in taking his swift dictation. He does not write dialogue; he talks it. Only in this way can he obtain any idea of aural accuracy, the sound of talk. As a play nears the night of production I have known him, after a series of rehearsals covering eighteen hours, to go on testing various effects in lighting the long night through.

The day preceding the first night he never leaves the theatre. A hasty supper is eaten on the stage, and after the last curtain has fallen, and the crowds have gone, there, in the deserted theatre, he will sit, peopling the vacant stage with the creatures of his wondrous fancy till dawn streaks the eastern sky and in the street rise the shrill cries of the newsboys. It is for them he has waited—dreamed and waited.

What will the papers say of the work that he has done? For what they say means more to him, I believe, than to any other man in his

profession. Sometimes they hurt him—the papers—but more often they cheer him, and always he is eager for the apt suggestion, the constructive criticism that will help in making more perfect the dramatic wares he next may offer. Not that he is prone to act upon every suggestion that may be given him, for he is the master of his own mind, and once that mind decides a thing is right nothing less than divine objection would suffice to change it. Yet the critics may never know in what degree they have assisted David Belasco in the work that he has made his own.

And what a work it is! And how he joys in it! It is his life—his all.

Society does not know him, though for years it has eagerly sought an opportunity to bring him to itself. Mrs. Belasco and his charming daughters represent him there, and into his home-life he never carries the atmosphere of the playhouse. To the stranger his shyness might readily be mistaken for indifference. But indifference to life in any aspect is inconceivable of him. Indeed, he is indifferent to nothing. The little things of life that we are all prone to forget in the bustle of existence are never forgotten by him.

I have never seen him out of patience. I wonder of how many stage-directors that may truthfully be said. We, his players, are given every opportunity to express ourselves in the development of the character it is given us to personate, and I have seen him again and again write speech after speech when the original seemed to him difficult of delivery, until at last the actor spoke the words naturally. I have seen him rewrite entire scenes to suit his actors.

Usually the attempt is made to reorganize the actor to fit the scene. A player may appear restless in a

chair. "Are you uncomfortable?" Belasco will ask. "Try another chair."

Chair after chair may be tried. In the end a special chair may have to be made. Everything with him is done for the actor's sake. I believe David Belasco to be the greatest actor's manager in the world.

The most human of men at all times, among his intimates he becomes a boy. No child in play was ever gayer than he when surrounded by those whom he knows to be his friends. Nor are they many; a few congenial souls—a table laden with the sweets that he indulges in—I fear too much sometimes—and David Belasco reveals himself as a man in whom the art-sense is supreme, but who is none the less a man.

The final curtain had fallen on the first performance of "The Auctioneer." That afternoon he had spent an hour in the only curiosity-shop the little Connecticut town possessed—for he loves the antique—and now that the play was launched, the load lifted from his mind and he was the boy again. At midnight we sought out a little restaurant familiar to us both. He assumed the rôle of host. The order was served.

Leaning back in his wooden chair he exclaimed.

"David, do you know why I like to produce plays?" Because," he went on, "first nights give me an opportunity to indulge in a little sepper."

He swept the crescent of dishes with a gesture—a half a cantaloupe—a dish of prunes, a plate of dry toast, a fat piece of apple-pie, and a portion of cold rice pudding.

Yet it may be from such a diet that he draws the sweetness of his spirit, a spirit that one feels as one feels the flash of his eyes, the clasp of his hand, or the tearful beauty of his smile.



Savings Banks, Corner Stone of Investment

By JOHN B. STANTON

From Pearson's Magazine

SIX young men were lined up in the private office of a New York merchant. One vacancy in his establishment was to be filled. The merchant asked:

"How many of you young men have savings bank accounts?"

Only one replied that he had.

"I'll take you," said the merchant.

When some one asked the employer why his choice had been influenced he answered: "A boy who saves and has a savings bank account is sure to have some other good quality. At any rate, he has early seen the advantage of thrift."

Few people stop to realize the value and significance of saving and the part it plays in the whole big scheme of success, nor do they appreciate the fact that the first aid to saving is at their very door-step in the shape of a savings bank. Saving is the instrument of man's independence and by saving alone can the workman, for example, ever become rich.

Russell Sage used to say that it was easy to make money after you had the first thousand. But the first thousand looms up big and forbidding to many persons, and for this reason they never make a start to get it. The simple formula for this thousand is to save and to begin at once. Behind the matter of saving is a larger meaning because all investment begins with

saving, and thus the savings bank is the first step towards comfort and competency in old age. Investment is putting your money out to work so that it will earn more money. The investing power of any nation is the aggregate of small savings, for this is its real financial strength. Despite the fact that our resources of every kind are greater, France has a wider investing power than the United States. The explanation is not difficult. The French people are thrifty and economical; they aspire to ownership of their government bonds which are issued in very small denominations. They know that they cannot own these bonds without saving. The result is that they are the best savers in the world.

When you stop to realize the extents to which small sums, put aside systematically, grow, you get a new appreciation of the value of money. One dollar deposited in a savings bank which pays four per cent. interest will amount to \$4.19 in twenty years. This is simple compound interest. But one dollar deposited every year will amount to \$39.97 in twenty years. Most people can save one dollar a week. This sum, deposited in a savings bank each week, will aggregate \$1,612 in twenty years. A man who has deposited \$5 a week in a savings bank can, after twenty years, draw

out six dollars a week and still leave to his wife and children at his death all the money that he originally deposited and quite a little surplus besides.

Take another phase of this same kind of saving. The price of a five-cent cigar, put into a savings bank every day, will amount to \$182.50 in ten years. At four per cent, it will earn \$40 interest. Thus the total amount represented by this simply putting aside of a nickel a day is \$222.56. Ten cents a day, put aside in this way and employed in a savings bank will mean \$445.36 in ten years, while fifteen cents a day will reach a total of \$668.18. Twenty-five cents a day will amass the somewhat imposing sum of \$1,113.75, while one dollar a day will mean \$4,455.75.

There is eloquent speech in these figures and it conveys a message to every man and woman. Summed up, it means just what is expressed in a very trite and old adage; it is not what you earn, but what you save, that makes you wealthy.

The savings banks are the first and best bulwarks of the people's money and a knowledge of what they accomplish is a liberal education in thrift. You can start an account in any of the great savings banks of New York City with one dollar and no sum is too insignificant to be enrolled on the books. It costs nothing to become a depositor. For the convenience of those who may live in sections remote from savings bank centres a system of entering deposits by mail has been perfected. Thus the bank is brought to the doors of the depositor. Hence there is no excuse for the average citizen not to have a savings bank account.

A savings bank is generally regarded as a public institution and most States have laws safeguarding them. It is important for the depositor (who is likewise a prospective investor), to put his money in a bank that is located in a State having proper savings bank laws. Peace of mind about the secur-

ity of deposit is a first requirement in the accumulation of money.

Some States have more stringent savings bank laws than others. As a rule, the best laws are in the Eastern States. New York laws are the most rigid. The savings banks of that State permit the bank officials to invest their funds only in three ways: in government bonds, which include the bonds of the United States government, States, cities, towns, villages and school districts; certain very high class railroad bonds and mortgages on real estate. The Massachusetts laws follow closely after those of New York.

The growth of the American savings bank furnishes an impressive lesson. The total deposits to-day aggregate \$3,690,078,945, which is divided among 1,413 banks. These institutions have a host of 8,888,000 depositors. These are the cohorts of the thrifty. The average deposit of each depositor is \$429.64.

Ten years ago the savings bank deposits were \$26 per capita of the population of the United States. To-day they are \$41 per capita of the population which is larger even than the per capita circulation of the general money of the country.

The geographical distribution of savings deposits is interesting for it shows that the centre of economy and thrift is still near its very foundation—New England. The total number of savings banks in the New England States is 463, and they have nearly three million depositors. Yet the State of New York with 134 banks has practically as many depositors. The farther west you go the smaller becomes the number of savings banks. Likewise the rigor of the laws governing them diminishes.

Since return or yield is a highly essential feature of any kind of employment of money it is helpful to see just what savings banks pay. Taking all the savings banks of the country into consideration, you find that the maximum rate of interest paid to depositors is 4.50 per cent; the mini-

mum is 2.72. The average rate is 3.65 per cent. It is a safe thing to set down that four per cent, is usually the average savings bank rate compatible with the utmost safety. This is what the New York banks pay and they are managed with the utmost conservatism and under what might be called ideal conditions, both as regards conduct and supervision.

It is interesting in this connection to see just what could be accomplished with the total deposits of the New York savings banks, which alone amount to \$1,304,296,034, a sum greater than the bonded debt of the United States. It would buy out, among other things, the entire textile industry of the country. It is sufficient to have bought the whole corn crop of 1906 which aggregated nearly three billion bushels, and to have had enough left over to purchase the winter wheat yield of that year. Turning to another staple, it is enough to have bought the two biggest cotton crops that the United States has ever known and have enough surplus to acquire, for \$81,000,000, the entire output of cotton seed, a very valuable by-product.

The army of New York savings bank depositors (they outnumber the residents of Manhattan Island), could pay off with their deposits the entire stock and bonded debt of the New York Central, Pennsylvania and Baltimore and Ohio Railroads. They could control the stock of the Atchafalaya, the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific, and the Great Northern, and in addition could buy outright the entire stock issues of the eastern coal roads including the Lackawanna, the Reading, the Erie and the Chesapeake & Ohio. Here indeed is power from the piled up pennies of the poor.

Perhaps no other class of deposits has so large a human interest side as those of the savings banks. They come from the greasy wallets and

pantry hoards of misers; from the slender purses of widows; from the stockings of scrub women; from the mendicant and merchant; from the tin safes and nickel banks of children—in fact, from all sources and all conditions. Often they spell sacrifice or mean some fond ambition.

Take the example furnished by the Bowery Savings Bank, of New York City, the largest institution of its kind in the world. The huge columns of its massive front rise in what was once, and in some respects still is, the most sordid centre of the greater city. Past its doors rumble the elevated trains and within stone's throw of the great vaults lives the most motley population of a motley city. On its books are the names of 150,000 depositors, a host as large as the population of Rochester or Denver. Its deposits are \$100,000,000, half of the fortune of the late W. H. Vanderbilt who at his death was the richest man in America. On a busy day the lobby of this bank is like an international congress, for a dozen languages are heard. Many of the circulars and books of instructions are printed in English, French, Yiddish, Italian and German. In its effort to reach every class the Bowery Savings Bank has a special department for the enlisted men of the United States army and navy and receives deposits from the soldiers and sailors from every part of the world.

In New York are savings banks with special facilities for the accommodation of seamen and immigrants—Italians, Jews, Poles and practically every race or calling represented there in large numbers. Most of these people come from thrifty nations and the idea of a savings bank appeals to them.

Yet the idea of saving knows no creed, race or color. It is one of the most constructive steps in the uplift of all the people.



"In Time the Old Ship Chandler Found Himself Without Customers"

From Debt to Dividends

By A. S. ATKINSON
From System Magazine

TEN years ago there was an unimportant, second rate ship-chandler store in lower New York, catering to the few captains of wooden ships running into the port. The owner depended more upon the friendship of the old sea captains for his trade than upon any business acumen or effort. But old sea captains die off and in time the old ship chandler found himself without customers, a low assortment of stock, high store rent, and plenty of shrewd, pushing rivals. There seemed to be only one thing for him to do—clean up what little money he could make from the stock and close shop.

But his head clerk—I'll call him Caldwell, for convenience—had been with him ten years, and had learned the business from foundation up. He went to the old man, and said:

"I've saved up a thousand dollars from my wages, and I want to start

in business for myself. Can't we make some arrangement to keep the store going?"

The old man demurred; said the business was no good, and that any man who attempted to run it would lose all of his money; the times were disjunct and there was no longer any profit in the ship chandler business. It took hard talking and persuasion for the head clerk to convince the old man that young blood might have a chance where an old man would be left behind in the race. But the sight of that thousand dollars, carefully saved through ten years of hard, pinching work, caught him. He let the young clerk take over the business, after paying down his thousand dollars and giving his notes aggregating ten thousand dollars due at various intervals in the next three years.

It seemed like a one-sided bargain.

The stock was so depleted and ill-assorted that an expenditure of nearly a thousand dollars more was required to make a decent display. The raising of this thousand dollars was almost as difficult as convincing the old man that he should sell out to his clerk.

First Caldwell tried advertising for additional capital, but no one seemed eager to invest his money in such an uncertain undertaking. The few replies and interviews he had were so discouraging that he abandoned this course as suddenly as he had taken it up.

Then he took a list of his friends and the business associates of the old house. But by the process of elimination he found that there were only a few that held forth even a ray of hope. To these, however, he applied himself with energy, exhausting his persuasive vocabulary in trying to show them that he had a "good thing" if he had half a chance to develop it.

But friends are not always so ready to trust their money to the uncertain manipulations of others. One told him that it was like throwing good money after bad and he could not afford to entertain such a risk. Another in a fatherly sort of way advised the young man to stick to clerking and not try to go into business for himself. "For don't you know," was the conclusion, "that nearly every business man fails in his first venture, and many in their second and third?" A third friend pleaded off from investing because he had all the load he could carry himself. Another said he wouldn't put money in a new enterprise if his own brother asked him for it.

Caldwell gave up seeking capital through others and fell back upon his own resources. He had a life insurance policy for three thousand dollars on which he had been paying for some time. He went to the insurance company and asked how much he could possibly raise on a loan. He found that he could get a loan of \$500 on this policy with interest at six per cent.

Then what other available assets had he? There was the furniture of his little apartment. It had been purchased little by little. On this he secured a chattel mortgage without removal for two hundred dollars. Then by putting up as security all his valuables he raised the final two hundred. It seemed like mortgaging every earthly possession, and starting in under a big handicap; but he needed the money to establish credit with the big houses, something which the old man in recent years had not had.

Then came a process of rigid economy and paring down of expenses. The very fact that he had exhausted his ability for raising further capital, and stood in now for utter and complete failure if he did not succeed in his new enterprise, made him serious and careful. There could be no leak, no unnecessary expense, no luxury whatever. He cut down his own personal expenses.

Then he turned to reducing expenses in business. He let the two clerks go; they were not anxious to stay anyway when they knew how poor the new owner was. He called in his two brothers to take the places of the clerks. One was just out of school, and the other was making eight dollars a week as a runner for a hardware store. Rent day would come around regularly, and \$200 a month was a pretty big item to meet. So he solved this latter by dividing the store in half, and renting part of it to another, but not a rival, concern. He secured a slight advance for this rent over what he was paying, and thus saved \$10 a month on the rent of his half.

The youngest brother was installed as indoor clerk, and the other with himself, started out to drum up trade. They visited the few remaining old sea captain friends of their former employer, and found they were such old fossils it was useless to urge them further for trade.

The returns were slow for the first month; and rent day was approaching without much prospect ahead of rais-

ing the amount. Caldwell realized that his only hope to meet his rent and hold up his credit was to land a big order quick.

Now the captain of an incoming ship will often give his orders for new supplies to the first ship chandler whose runner boards his craft first. Sometimes the race down the bay and out across the ocean between these runners is as strenuous as between the pilots. Many of them go down in sail boats, and a few manage to accompany the pilot boats to get ahead of all rivals.

Captain J—, of the steamer M—, a big tramp, was known for his sporting blood and good-natured heartiness. He nearly always gave his orders for new supplies to the first runner who boarded his steamer on approaching New York; and as these sometimes amounted to several thousand dollars, there was intense rivalry to secure the prize.

Caldwell determined to get this prize. The steamer M— was expected within forty-eight hours. Telling his plan to his brothers only, he, late that night, boarded an ocean liner that was loading up for its regular trip. He stowed himself away in the forward hold, with his supply of food and water and a life preserver, and at midnight the ship steamed out of the harbor. The second day out he appeared on deck, and sought the captain. Frankly telling his story, he asked if he could work on deck until they sighted the steamer M—. After the first astonishment, the captain appreciated the young man's earnestness and the seriousness of his position, and helped him in his game.

Ten hours later the big tramp steamer hove in sight. When she was abreast of the ocean steamer, Caldwell jumped overboard with his life preserver. The captain of the big tramp saw the man fall in the water, and, as the ocean liner continued on her course without lowering a boat, he sent men to the rescue. They brought the dripping figure aboard.

Approaching the captain, Caldwell said:

"Captain, I'm from the ship chandlery firm of Caldwell & Caldwell, and I want your order for the next trip."

There was a moment of blank surprise on the stolid face of the sea captain; then his eyes twinkled and he grinned. He took the dripping figure below and got his story. Later the adventurous young clerk got his order, a big one.

Caldwell met his rent—the first test.

The second came when the first of the notes fell due. The three brothers during the first year increased their business and established good credit. They were more than paying expenses and earning a decent living. But how could they meet notes amounting to three thousand dollars? They could not stretch their credit beyond a certain point, and to keep this intact they had to pay out nearly as fast as they received money in. The money had to come from outside resources. Caldwell went after it.

In the intervals of strenuous scurrying for new business, he had been working on a patent ventilator for pleasure yachts; it was a good device, and some day he intended to manufacture it himself and make a fortune out of it. He figured that about every pleasure yacht, motor boat, and steamer in the country could use one or more of these ventilators when they were once on the market.

Now he took his precious patent to Commodore S—, of the New York Yacht Club, and explained in detail just how it worked. He installed one on the Commodore's yacht, and left it there, saying nothing about price or money arrangements. At the end of a month he went to see the Commodore again.

"How's the patent ventilator working, Commodore?" he asked.

"Finely," the Commodore answered. "Couldn't do without it. What's the bill?"

"Three thousand dollars cash."

The florid face of the Commodore grew purple and apoplectic; and his vocabulary still drained. When he had to pause to find breath, Caldwell said:

"You don't understand, Commodore: that includes the patent as well as the ventilator. If you want the exclusive right to it you can have it for three thousand. If not, I'll take it off and turn it over to Mr. A—, he wants it, I know—but I gave you first choice."

Now the Commodore had, as Caldwell of course knew, a penchant for owning things that nobody else could use or imitate. He wanted to be exclusive in his possessions, and in particular he wanted to own the man Caldwell had incidentally mentioned, a member of the same yacht club. Caldwell knew his man. From anger and bluffing, the old yachtsman turned to argument and reason. The patent was in the name of Caldwell and he was willing to turn it over to the Commodore for the price named. As a clincher, Caldwell added:

"You can use it exclusively on your yacht; nobody else can have one without your consent, and when you're tired of it you can make a small fortune by manufacturing them for the general market. I'll offer to do it myself some day on commission when you're ready. But just now I want that three thousand dollars; I must have it."

And he got it. The first notes were promptly met—much to the astonishment of the retired ship chandler.

So the third stage of business-building was passed—business started, trade-current started, credit established. Remained three more: finding an opening for a new line of trade, perfecting the organization, expanding the business.

Like the initial period of any struggling business, the first year had been a time of makeshifts—to pay the rent, to buy needed stock, to find bare food money, to meet that first big account.

Now there was a breathing spell—and other problems. First new patron-

age had to be attracted, a trade built up. Competition was keen. Older houses had their hold.

To get trade Caldwell saw it was not enough to keep up with his competitors, that would not make him conspicuous. He had to get ahead of them. By new lines of goods, by new selling methods, by new service—by some means he had to differentiate himself from the established houses. That only would attract the buyer's attention.

Up-to-date goods—near-perfect service: those were the features Caldwell chose. And—"Not up with the times, but a little in the lead"—was the line that he put on his stationery and advertising, and carries there today.

About this time the marine gasoline motor was beginning to reach its full development, and there was every promise of a remarkable boom in motor boats of every description. The racing motor boats were too few and scattering to lead any ship chandler to carry a large assortment of special equipments. But what if the pleasure and commercial boat came into public favor?

Caldwell realized that there was a new field worth cultivating. He decided to make this his first feature. Immediately he began to lay in a line for motor boats. He was the first in the field, and he built up a reputation for carrying the largest assortment of motor boat equipment and supplies of any firm, before most of his old rivals awakened to the fact that there was an entirely new and profitable field for exploiting. It was not a side line of specialties he carried, but a full assortment of samples of everything that could be used on a motor boat. No matter what an owner of a motor boat wanted, it was his for the asking. Sometimes it cost more than the article was worth to get it in time to meet the demand, but that didn't affect results.

Here is where he applied his idea of near-perfect service. Once an order came in for a certain kind of

spark plug which was not in stock and never had been in stock. In fact, there was no such spark plug in existence. The inquirer had seen in a technical paper a drawing of it which an amateur had sketched and had concluded that it was on the market.

Instead of writing back that the plug could not be obtained, the ship chandler called into service an electrician and mechanic, and within twenty-four hours had a dozen of the spark plugs made from the design and ready for shipment.

That little order cost the maker ten times what he received for it, but he satisfied a customer. Not only that, but he satisfied himself that the spark plug was of unusual value. He tried it, tested it, and made certain that it was the best on the market. Then he applied for a patent, received it, manufactured it, and advertised it under his name. To-day forty thousand of these spark plugs are sold for use in motor boats.

And this experience taught Caldwell to watch for novelties that might become permanencies. From that time on every new device announced in the patent columns of the papers that in any way related to his line he investigated carefully. In a number of instances he received exclusive selling rights for his territory of marine articles that later came into common use. And in a few cases he secured complete ownership.

A trade established and growth assured, organization—a real system of conducting his business—was Caldwell's next problem. First came buying. Here a triple-faced situation faced him: a lot of his stock was antiquated; he needed new goods and the effect of a display; he had little money.

He played the first against the last to win the middle. He took a complete stock of his goods; he gathered together the old cast iron and other old-class-boat equipments that were giving way before galvanized, bronze and brass articles; and he sold these

at any price he could get, in order to turn the stock into capital.

That gave him money.

Then he spread this money as thin as he dared to get a great variety and big display—and yet not affect his established standard of service. So he carried to the extreme the modern idea of small-lot purchases—at a time when it had not been preached and proved as it has been to-day.

Instead of trying to carry a large stock in any line, he kept on his shelves and store room what amounted to little more than a sample line; but he carried a wide variety. He could replenish his stock and even fill a big order in a few hours by telephoning the manufacturer. By this method Caldwell actually carried a larger assortment and a more quickly moving stock with a less investment than in the old days.

Expense of operation was the next managerial point of attack.

His thin stock saved interest on money invested, rent on space required. He went further. Cost of handling was reduced by sending goods direct from the manufacturer's factory or local warehouse to the vessels, saving re-packing, extra haulage, time, clerical hire. He carried this to a point, during this period of close figuring, where a goodly percentage of the goods he sold never entered his store.

Caldwell saved money in his buying. To begin with, he bought only what he could sell—soon and at a profit. "Let the other fellow handle the goods there's no margin on or that have to be carried on a gamble," he said. And no salesman could load him up with a big stock of even a popular or staple article—even at a discount.

"I can always buy from you below the retail price," he would say, "but I can't always sell above the wholesale price. As long as I'm sure of my dealer's profit, why should I gamble?"

And he bought low. For he paid his bills when they fell due—if in ten days or four months. And while he

bought in small quantities, he bought often; he moved the goods—and that is what the manufacturer likes to see.

So the second note came due and was paid without a great strain; and the third with less. It was a regular routine of business by that time—an ordinary "bills payable."

Then began the real expansion. The kind of growth that every American business will recognize. The store

with money a business man can do much that would have been poor policy or impossible before.

Caldwell now carried a large stock where he before had carried an assortment. Often he found hurry orders had to be filled on the spot. Some motor boat would run up along the wharves and the owner come into the store for certain equipments which he wanted to carry away with



"The Captain of an Incoming Ship Will Often Give Life Orders for New Supplies to the First Ship Chandler He meets, Where Reamer Boards His Craft First."

needed more space; so he knocked out the partition between his store and the next and used the whole for his display room. Then he needed more store room for a bigger stock—so in a few years when his lease came up for renewal, he took the whole building for a term of five years.

For in the meantime Caldwell's buying policy had changed. He was building up a higher standard of service—and he had more money. And

him. He could not afford to lose such customers. So he made a specialty of "filling orders while you wait."

He came to carry the largest line of motor boat supplies and marine equipments in the country. Then he took the agency for a particularly good line of marine motors and for special batteries and spark plugs. He had to have more exhibition room for these, and hired another store in the city with large show windows where

he could display these to greater advantage.

Then came national expansion. Caldwell had started a mail order trade long before. In his third year he had gotten out his first ambitious catalogue and began to make a bid for the national as well as the local trade. He advertised conservatively and increased space in trade and other papers only as actual orders warranted.

The mail orders increased. Big out-of-town sales and shipments warranted the next step—the opening of branch stores in other cities of the country. These branch stores were selected in response to demand only. And as this came chiefly from people interested in motor boating, the strategic locations were on the rivers, lakes and along the seashore. And in the summer time when the motor boat season was at its height, temporary agencies for their goods were established at points where the demand appeared to warrant it. On some lakes and rivers Caldwell & Caldwell

now keep the agencies open four months in the year, and then close them in the fall, but re-open again in the spring for business.

Then came the final development—manufacturing. It started with the little spark plug—and got a real impetus when the old Commodore grew tired of the ventilator that saved the first anniversary day. When Caldwell had reached the state of assurance he proposed to the Commodore that they put the ventilator on the market. And to-day it is being manufactured on a large scale—with the royalties evenly divided between the Commodore and Caldwell.

After this Caldwell was always ready to take up a new appliance in his line. And to-day he owns and controls a score of patents—and the product is sold from his big new building in New York, his many local stores, his dozen branches, his score of agencies.

And it all began with a thousand dollars and a worn-out trade.

Are You a Hundred Point Man?

A hundred-point man is one who is true to every trust; who keeps his word; who is loyal to the firm that employs him; who does not listen for insults nor look for slights; who carries a civil tongue in his head; who is polite to strangers without being fussy; who is considerate towards servants; who is moderate in his eating and drinking; who is willing to learn; who is cautious and yet courageous.

Hundred-point men may vary much in ability, but this is always true—they are safe men to deal with, whether drivers of drays, motormen, clerks, cashiers, engineers or presidents of railroads.

The hundred-point man may not look just like all other men, or dress like them, or talk like them, but what he does is true to his own nature. He is himself.

He is more interested in doing his work than in what people will say about it. He does not consider the gallery. He acts his thought and thinks little of the act.

The hundred-point man looks after just one individual, and that is the man under his own hat; he is one who does not spend money until he earns it; who pays his way; who knows that nothing is ever given for nothing; who keeps his digits off other people's property. When he does not know what to say, why, he says nothing, and when he does not know what to do, does not do it.—Phyllis.

The Art of Apology

By ERNEST A. BRYANT

From the Quiver

"NEVER make a defence or apology before you be accused," was the advice of Charles I. to the Earl of Strafford. The cause lists of the Law Courts would be even more congested than is already the case were the advice generally followed. A pretty penance will propitiate all but the inexorable and create friendship where enmity may have seemed hopelessly to dominate the attitude of the party aggrieved.

But there are apologies and apologies. Some make it a pleasure to have the opportunity of forgiving; others by stupidity or malice make the last condition worse than the first. There is the apology in which no word is spoken, but where the action performed is trumpet-tongued. Tennyson, who in his rougher moods could be as boorish as the most bucolic, propitiated one of his victims in the quaintest way. He had been unannouncedly overnight to a neighbor. With the earliest peep of dawn next day he went thundering to her door with a gigantic cabbage under either arm.

"I heard that you liked these," he roared, as she drew back the curtain of her window, and, with a bow and a smile, he left his efficacious peace offering on the doorstep.

If he was not diffuse in his own apologies, the poet warmly appreciated handsome reparation in another. Gladstone, in a review of "Maud," had commented adversely

on the passages appealing to the warlike instinct. In a later edition of his article he declared that he had not sufficiently remembered that he was dealing with a dramatic and imaginative composition; that he was not strong in the faculties of the artist. Of this recantation Tennyson said, "Nobody but a noble-minded man would have done that."

Less happy was the effort of another statesman with whom Lord North had to deal.

"Who is that frightful woman?" he asked.

"That is my wife," answered Lord North.

"I beg a thousand pardons," said the other; "I do not mean her, but that monster next to her."

"Oh," said Lord North, "that monster is my daughter."

To complete the horror of the situation, it has only to be added that a day or two later a well-known man enthusiastically retailed the story to his neighbor, who was the very "monster" herself—Lady Charlotte Lindsay.

Disraeli, who was a past master of the art of flattery, was not infallible, but his audacity carried him out of danger. Soon after his elevation to the House of Lords he was asked by a brother peer how he felt in his new surroundings.

"Oh, don't ask me," he groaned; "dead and buried." Then remembering that his questioner was of the company which he was con-

temning, he added, "And in the realms of the blest!"

After he had so bitterly attacked Peel, and himself risen to the place which had been occupied by his former leader, he sat one night at dinner next to Peel's daughter, and as some apology for his assaults upon her father explained that, when Peel would not accept his allegiance, he determined that his only way to advancement was by attacking him, and that he had therefore acted on that determination.

The boldest manoeuvre of Disraeli, perhaps, was that by which he accounted to the late Lord Salisbury for having described him as "a great master of fibes and founts and jeers." The two men, who were soon to become so distinguished as allies, met on the evening of this memorable speech. "I have been attempting a kind of apology for you in the House of Commons," said the leader, "but I am afraid it may read rather clumsily."

How to intensify the difficulty of a situation was shown by an East-End curate, to whom one day came a man bringing a portrait of his son, which, he said, the curate had expressed a desire to possess. The curate was delighted; it was so good of the man to remember.

"What a capital likeness! How is he?" he asked.

The man, with a sob in his throat, sorrowfully answered that the boy was dead.

"Oh, ah, yes, of course. I mean how's the man who took the photograph?" said the wretched curate.

Constable's quandary was little less ludicrous when, praising a brother artist's work, he was pulled up with, "Why, I hear that you say my work looks like putty."

"Well, what of it?" retorted Constable, with a glare. "I like putty!"

Calamitous effects have often been dispelled by the tact of the offender. President Grevy, when conducted round the Salon, stopped

before a picture to exclaim, "What a terrible daub! Whose is it?"

To his consternation he was informed that the picture was the work of the distinguished gentleman by whom he was being conducted over the exhibition. In an instant the President recovered his self-possession.

"In our country," he said, "it is our habit, when we are going to buy an article, always to run it down."

The situation was saved, but the nation had to buy the picture.

Scarcely less effective was the reply of the royal librarian at Windsor to whom it fell to exhibit the royal collection of miniatures to the then Princess Royal. Presently that of Cromwell appeared.

"Oh, Mr. Woodward," exclaimed the Princess, "you cannot like that man?"

"Your Royal Highness must know," he replied, "that my loyalty to your Royal Highness's mother is such that I cannot but reverence the memory of the man to whose struggles for liberty we owe the unspeakable blessedness of possessing such a monarch on a constitutional throne."

Prince Bismarck, who knew the full value of an apt phrase, used to tell a delightful story of a rough-and-ready apology made by Frederick the Great, under whom Bismarck's father served. At a review an ensign made a blunder in handling his troop. The King flew into a violent passion, and pursued the ensign, stick in hand, that he might publicly chastise him. The ensign fled, and leaping a ditch, left the King on the other side brandishing his cudgel. Later in the day the colonel of the regiment approached his sovereign to say:

"Sire, the young ensign doubtless committed a blunder. I have just received his resignation from your Majesty's service. I am sorry for he was really a good soldier."

"Umph! Send him to me," said the King.

The ensign was in due course shown into the King's presence, this time expecting the very worst, but he was amazed and delighted to hear him say, "Here is your captaincy, sir, which I tried to give you this morning, but you ran so quickly that I could not catch you."

Nations apologize at times, and by a phrase prevent the outbreak of war. The apology of the United States to Britain for the seizure of the steamer *Trent* is a memorable instance; but a year or two ago the British Foreign Office did the thing as handsomely when a statement in a Blue Book was considered to impugn the veracity of an American diplomat.

The reparation of the individual, of course, has at times an international importance. Kaiser William enjoyed a feast of apologies, delivered on the knee, by Chinese dignitaries after the Boxer rebellion. John

Chinaman is a master of the equivocal apology. Seven shots were fired into the house of an Englishman when Sir Julian Pauncefote was at Hong Kong. An apology was demanded, and was presently forthcoming—as to two shots. For the balance of five there was no apology, nor could it be gained until reprisals were threatened.

Lord John Russell had an aptitude for the wrong sort of apology. On taking the Duchess of Inverness in to dinner, he sat for a moment, then jumped up, and took a seat on the opposite side of the table, next to the Duchess of St. Albans. Asked later by Lady Russell why he had done this, he said:

"Why, that great fire would have made me ill if I had sat with my back to it."

"I hope you gave your reason to the Duchess of Inverness," said his wife.

"No, I didn't; but I told the Duchess of St. Albans," he replied.

The Wealth in Endeavor

Was there ever a greater delusion than that of one who thinks his father's fortune a blessing, when he never earned a penny of it by his own effort? It is only a premium on laziness. It makes one's own development into manhood more unlikely. It furnishes him crutches, instead of teaching him to walk alone. It means the arrested development of his own powers for achievement, a paralysis of his own efforts.

The money we make in our vocation is a small part of the pay for the endeavor. The education we absorb in getting it, the disciplining of the mind by solving intricate problems, the constant exercise of the judgment in discriminating and weighing, the planning, the adjusting of means to ends is infinitely more important.

The world's great doers know very well that if you are not making a manly or a womanly struggle to establish a place for yourself, there is something wrong; either you have not the ability, or you have not the inclination. And human nature is so constituted that they will only hold you in contempt for your excuses.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

Types and Eyes

By HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN
From The Printing Art

THE late John Bartlett, whose "Familiar Quotations" have encircled the globe, once remarked to a youthful visitor that it was a source of great comfort to him that in collecting books in earlier years he had chosen editions printed in large type, "for now," he said, "I am able to read them." The fading eyesight of old age does not necessarily set the norm of print; but this is certain, that what age reads without difficulty youth will read without strain, and in view of the excessive burden put upon the eyes by the demands of modern life, it may be worth while to consider whether it is not wise to err on the safer side as regards the size of type, even by an ample margin.

It is now twenty-five or thirty years since the first scientific experiments upon the relations of type to vision were made in France and Germany. It was peculiarly fit, we may remark in passing, that the investigation should have started in those countries, for the German alphabet is notoriously hard on the eyes, and the French alphabet is encumbered with accents which form an integral part of the written word, yet are exceedingly minute and hard to distinguish especially in poor print. The result of the investigation was a vigorous disapproval of the German type itself and of the favorite style of French letter, the condensed. The experiments showed that words are easiest to read when composed of letters that are simple in form, unshaded, and ex-

tended. It was found that the eye in reading travels along a line just below the top of ordinary letters like "m," that variety should be sought along this line, and that differences above the line are much more obvious to the eye than those below it, ascenders being more distinct than descenders. It was found, also, that the lower case letters are on the whole more distinct than capitals—which was to be expected. It was, therefore, pointed out that progress in type design toward the hygienic ideal must follow the direction of simplicity, uniformity, and relative heaviness of line, with wide letters and short descenders, all in type of sufficient size for easy reading. It is seen by these tests that the English face is preferable to the Roman, and that type like the Ronaldson is condemned by its fustiness, and the modern Elzevir by its condensation. In the generation that has succeeded these experiments have made any progress in adapting print to eyes along the lines of these conclusions?

No better proof of such progress could be asked than the print in which these words are presented to the reader. In the four and a half centuries of printing, pages of equal clearness and beauty may be found if one knows just where to look for them, but the later examples all fall within the period that we are discussing. It may be objected that this is the luxury of printing, not its everyday necessity, and this objection must be allowed; but luxuries are a power-

Tuesday, 7 p.m.

The New York market might almost be described as panicky at the close to-day, a great loss the demoralization. The decline, ranging as it did up to ten points, called for other explanations than those already given. A mere reduction in steel prices and similar events would not produce such weakness as has been in evidence during the past week, and the real reason for the break must be found in a speculative effort to prepare for another "market" on the depressed condition of business in the United States. A reason for the particular weakness of Tuesday was that the coal operators leaving large stocks on hand were willing that a

sharp decline in type should be a cue from their purchase by larger concerns. The actual news from the steel trade was vague, the rumors were confusing and unreliable, and the unsettled effect on consequence great, but as the expression of these sentiments favorably moved in the selling of stocks, the market was simplified into unbalanced liquidation. There was only a sharp check when the room sheets took to-day's profits, but the last break of the day was the most demoralizing, as the market, and closed prices at the bottom. Another reduction in the price of copper and the beginning of the new year of the Standard Oil low case were not

Types in Contrast

Specimen of the Regular Size of Print Used in Newspapers

ful influence in elevating the standard of living, and this is as true of print as of food or dress. It must be confessed that an unforeseen influence entered the field early in the quarter-century, that of William Morris and his Kelmscott Press. Morris' types began and ended in the Gothic or Germanic spirit, and their excellence lies rather in the beauty of the single letter than in the effective mass-play of his letters in words. His books, therefore, in spite of their decorative beauty, are not easy reading. In this respect they differ greatly from those of Bodoni, whose types Morris and his followers find weak and ugly. Bodoni's letters play together with perfect accord, and his pages, as a whole, possess a stateliness if not a decorative beauty. If anyone questions this let him turn to the Bodoni Horace of 1791, in folio, where, in addition to the noble Roman text of the poems, he will find an extremely clear and interesting italic employed in the preface, virtually a "library hand" script. But no force has told more powerfully for clearness and strength in types than the influence of Morris, and if he had done only this for printing he would have earned our lasting gratitude.

Morris held that no type smaller than long primer should ever be employed in a book intended for continuous reading; and here again, in size of type as distinguished from its cut, he made himself an exponent of one of the great forward movements that have so happily characterized the recent development of printing. Go to any public library and look at the novels issued from twenty-five to fifty years ago. Unless your memory is clear on this point, you will be amazed to see what small print certain publishers inflicted with impunity on their patrons during this period. This practice extended to editions of popular authors, like Dickens and Thackeray, editions that now find no readers or find them only among the near-sighted.

The cheap editions of the present day, on the contrary, may be poor in paper and perhaps in press work, they may be printed from worn plates, but in size and usually in cut of type they are generally irreproachable. In regard to near-sighted readers, it is well known that they prefer fine type to coarse, that they will choose, for instance, a Bible printed in diamond and find it clear and easy to read, while they cannot read pica at all. This fact in connection with the

rewards skill in a very delightful way. For many years, starting about 1875, our firm supplied practically all the process blocks for the *Porting and Dramatic News*, the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, *Land and Water*, *Grapic*, and many other important journals. We also did a great deal with the book publishers, until the decay of the high-priced book trade and the increasing cheapness and improvements in the photo-zinc cutting made it impossible to conduct a comparatively slow and expensive process in competition. We did a large amount of work for the Trustees

would go to nothing but very and difficult negative could old prints be the business, these high in stereo microscope results and method so as the cheap zinc I ceased my

Type in Contrast

Facsimile of the Ideal Size as Used in a Facsimile Typographical Journal

former tolerance of fine type raises the question whether the world was not more near-sighted a generation or two ago than it is now, or does it mean only that the oculist is abroad in the land?

It is recognized that, in books not intended for continuous reading, small and even fine type may properly be employed. That miracle of encyclopedic information, the *World Almanac*, while it might be printed better and on a higher quality of paper, could not be the handy reference book that it is without the use of a type that would be intolerably small in a novel or a history. With the increase of the length of continuous use for which the book is intended, the size of the type should increase, up to a certain point. Above long primer or small pica, however, increase in the size of type becomes a matter not of hygiene, but simply of esthetics. But below the normal the printer's motto should be: In case of doubt choose the large type.

A development of public taste that is in line with this argument is the passing of the large paper edition. It was always an anomaly, but our fathers did not stop to reason that, if a page has the right proportions at the start, mere increase of margin

cannot enhance its beauty or dignity. So they paid many dollars a pound for mere white paper and fancied that they were getting their money's worth. The most extraordinary books were put forth in large paper, Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary*, for instance. At the other extreme of size may be cited the Pickering diamond classics, also in a large paper edition, pretty, dainty little books, with their Lilliputian character only emphasized by their excess of white paper. But their type is too small to read, and their margins are out of proportion to the printed page. Though their type is small, they do so means exhibit the miracle of the books printed in Didot's "microscopic" type, and they represent effort in a direction that has no meaning for book-making except a mere tour de force. Quite different is the case with the Oxford miniature editions, of the same size outwardly as the large paper editions of the Pickering diamond classics; these are modern miracles, for, with all their "infinite riches in a little room," they are distinctly legible.

As regards books, we may congratulate ourselves that printing has made genuine progress in the last twenty-five years toward meeting the

primary demand of legibility. That form of print, however, which is read by the greatest number of eyes, the newspaper, shows much less advance. Yet newspapers have improved in presswork, and the typesetting machines have removed the evil of worn type. Moreover, a new element has come to the front that played a much more subordinate part two or three decades ago—the headline. "Let me write the headlines of a people," said the late Henry D. Lloyd to the writer, "and I care not who makes its laws." It is the staring headlines that form the staple of the busy man's newspaper reading, and they are certainly hygienic for the eyes if not for the mind. While the trend toward larger and clearer type has gone on chiefly

without the consciousness of the public, it has not been merely a reform imposed from without. The public prefers readable print, demands it, and is ready to pay for it. The magazines have long recognized this phase of public taste. When the newspapers have done the same, the eyes of coming generations will be relieved of a strain that can only be realized by those who in that day shall turn as a matter of antiquarian curiosity to the torturing fine print that has so thickly beset the pathway of knowledge from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, and in the twentieth, overthrown in the field of books and magazines, is making its last stand in the newspaper.

Feeling and Character

By Frederick W. Robertson

Spiritual strength consists of two things—power of will, and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings, and a strong command over them.

Now it is here that we make a great mistake: we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him—before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the house quake—because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that is the weak man: it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings which he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him.

Transplanting Animal Organs

By BURTON J. HENDRICK

From McClure's Magazine

IN May, seven years ago, an important meeting took place at the Arlington Hotel in Washington. On that occasion, at the invitation of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, five of the most distinguished medical men in the United States met to discuss the foundation of an institution for scientific medical research. Until this meeting no institution devoted exclusively to this subject existed in this country. In experimental medicine Europe had left the United States far behind. The Pasteur Institute in France, the Lister Institute in London, the Imperial Health Office in Berlin, had taken the leadership for more than twenty years. Even Russia, with its great Imperial Institute at St. Petersburg, and Japan, with its Institute for Infectious Diseases at Tokio, had made many important additions to medical knowledge.

American medical men had long regarded this as a serious national reproach, especially as nearly all the great discoveries of the last forty years have been the result of laboratory experimentation. It was not a medical man at all, but an experimental chemist, Louis Pasteur, who, in demonstrating the relations existing between living micro-organisms and contagious diseases, became the real father of modern medicine. Pasteur not only achieved great immediate practical results; he also created a method. The lonely little house at Alais, where he

spent five years in investigating the diseases of silkworms, was the precursor of the laboratories now located in all the great capitals of the world. Following Pasteur's example, medical men have now learned to use their eyes, to take nothing for granted, to pay less deference to accepted authorities, and to form conclusions of their own, based upon carefully observed facts.

The outcome of the Washington conference referred to above was the Rockefeller Institute for medical research. Its mission is to apply, in the United States, the methods of investigation which, in other countries, have made such useful contributions to civilization. Starting in a small way, with no building of its own, and a fund of only \$200,000, it now has a large structure at Sixty-sixth Street and Avenue A, New York, and resources of nearly \$4,000,000. Its management is supervised by seven directors, all of them men of scientific eminence. Dr. William H. Welch, who, as head of the medical department of Johns Hopkins University, has done so much to create a new spirit in medical science in this country, is its president; and one of his most successful pupils and associates, Dr. Simon Flexner, who has already done much invaluable work in bacteriology, is the director of its laboratory. The other members of the Board are Dr. L. Emmett Holt, a man with a European reputation

as an authority on the diseases of children; Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden, who has created the department of pathology at Columbia University; Dr. Herman M. Biggs, who, in spite of every discouragement and disadvantage, has made the New York Health Department a model municipal agency in fighting disease; Dr. Theobald Smith, of Harvard University, whose demonstration of the fact that Texas cattle fever is caused by an animal parasite carried by the cattle tick in large measure paved the way for the discovery of the relation between malaria and a certain species of mosquito; and Dr. Christian A. Herter, well known as an authority on nervous diseases and chemical pathology.

The laboratory building of the Rockefeller Institute stands upon a rocky bluff facing on the west a densely packed tenement population—one of the most prolific breeding-places of the diseases whose secrets the investigators seek to penetrate—and, on the east, Blackwell's Island, a centre point for much of that misery and vice in the making of which disease plays no inconsiderable part. The institution is modern, not only in its scientific atmosphere, but in a fine type of idealism. It is the headquarters of fifteen or twenty enthusiasts who have isolated themselves, in nearly all cases as young men, and given all their time to this work of research. As Edmond About said of Pasteur, they are seeking, not to cure individuals, but to cure humanity. If they make any important discovery, they give it freely to mankind with no reward except the recognition and satisfaction of having done something worth while.

In practically every department—surgery, pathology, bacteriology, chemistry, and physiology—excellent results have already been obtained. In this and subsequent articles will be described some of the

most important work already accomplished.

Among the most far-reaching of these experiments are those conducted by Dr. Alexis Carrel in the transplantation of animal organs. For the first time in medical history Dr. Carrel has demonstrated the important fact that the kidney of one animal can be transplanted into another animal and perform, for a considerable period, its normal functions. He has also proved that the leg of one dog can be successfully joined and made to grow upon the leg of another. These experiments are not mere surgical curiosities; like all the work of the Institute, they are undertaken for the purpose of accomplishing certain definite results.

Great progress has been made in the last thirty-five years in the prevention and cure of contagious diseases—diseases, that is, of bacterial origin. But the numerous disorders of the kidney, liver, spleen, and other important viscera, which, in the opinion of most pathologists, are not caused by bacteria, baffled medical men almost as much to-day as they did fifty years ago. The ravages of typhoid, diphtheria, and tuberculosis have been greatly checked; Bright's disease is still regarded by both the popular and professional mind, as incurable. For generations medical men have dreamed of treating these chronic affections in a direct and obvious way—that is, by removing sick organs and substituting new ones. If you have a bad kidney or a bad liver, the most satisfactory procedure, were it surgically possible, would be simply to get a new one. There are likewise many diseases of the arteries and veins, the most satisfactory treatment of which would be the transplantation of healthy vessels in place of those diseased.

Another similar idea is the replacement of useless legs and arms with the more serviceable limbs of

other people. In the Golden Legend of Jacobus de Voragine the story is told of a pious saint who received, as an especial favor from heaven, the healthy leg of a negro in place of his own diseased member. As a result of experiments conducted in the last five years by Dr. Carrel, it seems possible that what was the miracle of an age of faith may become the reality of an age of science.

Dr. Carrel, an unassuming young Frenchman, is himself a fine example of the idealistic spirit dominant in modern science. His skill as a surgeon would easily bring him a very large income; he prefers, however, the isolated work of the Institute. From the first Dr. Carrel has been a man with a fixed idea. As a medical student at the University of Lyons he conceived the possibility of utilizing healthy animal organs and vessels to do the work of those which had become diseased. Naturally, these ideas, coming from an enthusiastic young man, inspired little confidence. In spite of the great discoveries of modern French science, new ideas gain ground slowly in France. In Lyons Dr. Carrel did some interesting work; about 1905, however, hampered by the lack of proper working facilities at home, and convinced that his ideas would have a favorable reception in this country, he came to the United States. He became associated with the University of Chicago, on the staff of its distinguished professor of physiology, Dr. G. N. Stewart. Here, among other important operations, he succeeded in transplanting the kidney of a dog from its natural location in the lumbar region to the dog's neck. In 1906, his success in this direction led to an invitation to join the staff of the Institute.

Before the transplantation of animal organs is possible, a large amount of preliminary work has to be done on the veins and arteries. The aorta, the great trunk artery, and the vena cava, the great trunk

vein, lead directly from the heart down into the abdominal cavity, and with certain important branches, connect with and largely hold in place the large abdominal organs. In order to remove the kidney, the liver, or the spleen, therefore, it is first necessary to cut these great blood-vessels. Medical men had long regarded the vascular system as sacred, and to cut the aorta, in the opinion of most surgeons, would inevitably cause death. No one had yet succeeded in uniting severed blood-vessels by simple suture; in certain cases, by the use of magnesium tubes and other contrivances, this latter operation had been performed, but no experimentalist, before Carrel, had developed a method that was simple and almost invariably sure.

An examination of an animal artery sufficiently explains why surgeons should approach it with trepidation. Thin as are its walls, it is an extremely complicated structure. Viewed under the microscope, it consists of three distinct coats or layers, each lying closely upon the other, but each absolutely distinct from its next neighbor. Each coat has its own independent part to play in the world; one provides the elasticity that makes pulsation possible, another furnishes muscular power, while the innermost section, called the intima, consists of a smooth, free surface, for immediate contact with the flowing blood. To cut these several layers and make them grow together again would in itself require great skill in surgical carpentry; what rendered it all but impossible was the blood itself. We are all familiar with the common phenomenon known to surgeons as a thrombus, and to most people as a blood clot. Blood, when once freed from the artery, coagulates—forms into a sticky, glutinous substance. If a clot of any appreciable size gets into the circulation, it may land in the brain or some other vital part and

cause death. It was the fear of a disaster of this kind that made surgeons hesitate to disturb a healthy artery.

The discovery made by Dr. Carrel was, like most discoveries, entirely simple and elementary. He found that no elaborate contrivance, such as a magnesium tube, was necessary; that, if proper skill and proper asepsis were used, a severed artery could be simply sutured with a very small needle and very fine silk. He discovered that, in joining the severed ends, he could practically disregard the different layers of which the vessel is composed, with the exception of the innermost one. If the intima of one severed end were perfectly joined to the intima of the other end, the remaining coats would practically take care of themselves.

The whole technique developed was beautiful in its minuteness and its simplicity. It would almost require a microscope to follow it in all its details. The usual way of stopping circulation, preliminary to a surgical operation, is by the use of metal clamps, which, pinching the walls of the vessel together, check the flow of blood. Dr. Carrel found that the metal clamps wounded the artery and frequently brought about the dreaded coagulations. He therefore stopped the circulation by winding around the artery a narrow strip of linen, and pulling this tight with surgical forceps. He then cut the artery with small and extremely sharp scissors. Snipping it thus in two places, he could remove a segment of any desired length. This he carefully washed, inside and out, with a cleansing solution, in order to remove all the blood and any extraneous matter that might possibly have slipped in, and then, to protect it against new encroachments, thoroughly coated it with vaseline.

In securing this in place, either in the same animal or another, the danger of wounding the tissue, and

thereby producing blood clots, again constantly threatened. Even in the little holes made by the tiny needles, diminutive coagulations might form, containing in themselves the chance of serious disturbance. To protect these holes, Dr. Carrel used another simple device; he thoroughly coated the silk thread with vaseline. As the silk passed through the walls of the artery, the vaseline was scraped off and left as a protective coating in the holes; it quickly healed the macroscopic wounds and prevented thrombosis. By this operation, Dr. Carrel, or any surgeon equally skillful, could do what has always been regarded as impossible—cut the aorta of a man, at a short distance from the heart, and sew it together again. Indeed, the aorta is more easily handled than other arteries, because it is so large and tough. In cutting the aorta the circulation would be entirely stopped in the lower part of the body, and thrown into the upper; but, for the hour or less that such an operation would take, this could be done.

On animals, by using this method, Dr. Carrel has performed many important transplantations. He has taken the aorta from one dog and sewed it into the aorta of another. He has transplanted sections of the arteries of dogs and cats with ease. The animals, being under a heavy anesthetic, suffer absolutely no pain, either during or after the operations. The wounds rapidly heal; no blood clots result; and the subjects are soon capering about, unconscious of the fact that they are using each other's blood-vessels.

More interesting still, Dr. Carrel has found that, under favorable circumstances, he can make veins do the work of arteries and arteries do the work of veins. It is assumed that the average reader understands the difference between these two kinds of blood-vessels—that an artery is the channel through which

the red blood is rapidly pumped through the body, carrying nourishment and life; and a vein the channel through which this same blood, blue and vitiated, sluggishly finds its way back to the heart. Since arteries have much harder work to do than the veins, nature has made them thicker and more elastic; and physicians had hardly conceived it possible that they could be interchanged. Dr. Carrel, however, has cut out a section of the aorta of a dog, and replaced it with an equally long section of the vena cava—the largest vein—of another dog. Similarly, he has replaced part of the carotid artery—the main artery of the neck—with a corresponding part of the jugular vein. He has found that nature, when this violent change in its organization takes place, goes patiently to work to readjust matters; veins transplanted upon arteries grow thicker and elastic, so that they may do the work of arteries; arteries transplanted upon veins lose much of their elasticity and strength.

If these operations come to be performed on man, the possibility of using veins for arteries will be of the greatest importance. The difficulty of repairing human arteries by transplantation is the practical one of getting the material. People who have healthy blood-vessels do not care to present them to their suffering brothers. We need all the arteries we have—not a section can be permanently removed without disastrous results. The body is filled with superfluous veins, however, and we could easily find, in our own persons, a segment of vein to take the place of a diseased artery.

At present, however, this interchange is not always successful; many times a vein, in attempting to readjust itself to its new functions, overdoes the matter; its walls become so hard and thick that little space, sometimes no space at all, is left as a channel for the blood. A

situation results something like arterio-sclerosis—that hardening of the arteries that works such havoc among old people. This fact has led Dr. Carrel into a new field of experimentation: a testing of the possibility of using the vessels of an animal of one species in an animal of another. One of the recent discoveries of medical science is the fact that the blood serum of one species acts as a poison upon the tissue of another. But to this rule occasional exceptions have been found. If the different species are somewhat closely related, if the origin of one in zoologic time is not too far removed from that of the other, successful grafts may sometimes be made. You cannot graft the skin of a mouse upon a lizard, because these two animals are only remotely related; you would probably succeed better in transplanting tissue from a guinea pig to a rabbit, or from a cat to a dog, or possibly from an anthropoid ape to a man, for these species are supposed to be rather closely allied. As far as blood-vessels are concerned, Dr. Carrel has discovered that the arteries of one species frequently preserve a normal existence in the body of another species. He now has a living healthy cat which contentedly uses, as part of its circulatory system, the carotid artery of a dog. One of his associates in Chicago, Dr. C. C. Guthrie, has successfully inserted in a dog the arteries of a rabbit and a cat. Whether the arteries of a dog can survive and do their work in a human body has not yet been demonstrated, but it is known that the contrary of this principle is true. Dr. Carrel now has a dog, part of whose aorta is composed of a section of artery taken from a man's knee. The animal's pulse is entirely normal; it is, indeed, in perfect health.

To the unscientific citizen it is something of a surprise to learn that large parts of the body are alive and

useful after the phenomenon popularly known as death has taken place. Few of us suspect, for example, that our kidneys and hearts, after we have died ourselves, can in most cases, be resuscitated, and that it by some surgical miracle, could be transplanted into another body, they would quickly resume their functions. This, however, is a well demonstrated medical fact. The human heart has been removed from the body more than thirty hours after death and made to beat again. Dr. Carrel himself has taken the heart from one dog and inserted it in the neck of another, connecting the carotid artery with the aorta of the new heart, and the vena cava with its jugular vein. In a few moments the live dog had two hearts rhythmically beating, one recording a pulse of 88 and the other of 100.

Science has yet framed no precise definition of death. The human body tremors and quivers with life, only a small part of which becomes a part of individual consciousness. The healthy man hardly realizes the numerous and complex activities of his internal organs. The alimentary canal is the abiding-place of millions of micro-organisms, the activities of which only occasionally influence our daily life. Bodily tissue everywhere is constantly breaking down and constantly building up; and yet it is only in the last few years that even science has begun to understand the beautiful chemical reactions involved in the process.

Perhaps the white corpuscles of the blood—the leucocytes—furnish the most perfect illustration of this life which is in and yet is not of us. Upon their activity a whole new science, that of phagocytosis, has been founded. Metchnikoff has described how these white corpuscles, among their numerous other activities are constantly escaping from the blood and pursuing and devouring invading microbes and thus protecting the body from disease. In

the intestines a battle is constantly taking place between these white corpuscles and destructive bacteria, in which the combatants on both sides, number millions and billions; yet, although we are ourselves the battleground, we know nothing of it. These same leucocytes, as has been discovered by Dr. Eugene L. Opie, of the Rockefeller staff, seem almost to have an immortality of their own. They can be removed from the body, ground into a fine grayish white powder, and placed away for months in glass tubes; and then, when reintroduced into the tissues, immediately resume some of their old activities. Death, as popularly understood, is a loss of personality; the eternal separation of human consciousness from inert mortal clay. Theology teaches that the spirit lives forever—that only the body perishes; science, on the other hand, while it says nothing about the eternal life of the spirit, teaches the immortality of the body. It may change its form, but it will never pass into nothingness.

Even after death the important organs, in their existing form, live for a certain time. The heart, as has already been said, in specific cases, has resisted devitalization for more than a day; the kidneys also can probably survive for a considerable period. The shortest-lived organ is probably the brain; this seldom lasts more than fifteen minutes after the passing of the spirit. But there are certain artificial ways in which animal tissue can be kept alive for days and weeks, perhaps for months. Nature thus gives the scientist a short breathing-space—the lapse between death as it affects personality, and death as it affects the vitality of the cell. If, in that period, the essential bodily organs are removed, they can be preserved for a long time.

Two forces, after death, begin their destructive work upon animal tissue. The first is microbial; untold millions of bacteria pounce upon the

body and cause the common phenomenon of putrefaction. The other force is a comparatively recent discovery of science: the far more subtle and mysterious disintegration known as autolysis. This is a Greek word which may be freely translated as self-digestion. Food taken into the stomach is converted into certain substances—proteids, sugar, and starch—by digestive ferments or enzymes, especially pepsin and trypsin. It is of these proteids, sugar, and starch that the body is composed. After death, tissue begins to disintegrate into the substances of which it was originally formed; human flesh undergoes almost the same chemical change that food undergoes in the body; in other words, it is digested. In this case the digestion, so far as science can discover, takes place without the action of specific digestive ferments. The tissues literally chew themselves to pieces; the cells possess some inherent power which they use for their own destruction. If a human body were absolutely sterilized and thus freed from the attacks of bacteria, its dissolution, under this process of autolysis, would still go on; after a certain period—and not a very long one—nothing would be left but a limpid fluid, and this, if resolved chemically, would leave a clear, white, powdery substance—largely the same proteids and sugar of which the living body is composed. The mortal cycle is thus complete; science rephrases the Biblical injunction: proteids we are, and unto proteids we shall return. Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay, might not stop a hole to keep the wind away; a considerable part of him, however, could be served up as very palatable table sugar.

Thus, in order to preserve an organ after death, it must be protected against these two destructive forces. Against putrefaction simple sterilization suffices. An artery, for

example, thoroughly disinfected, placed in an ordinary culture tube, and then closed to the access of all bacteria, will not putrefy. Under ordinary circumstances, however, it will undergo autolytic disintegration. Complete desiccation will preserve it against this later process. Autolysis does not take place except in the presence of water; this explains why Egyptian mummies, which were thoroughly dried before being placed away in the tomb, have resisted for thirty centuries the autolytic ferment. Normal blood serum is another substance which inhibits, to a considerable degree, autolytic degeneration. Cold, while it does not entirely check the process, makes it exceedingly slow. It is upon refrigeration that Dr. Carrel has thus far chiefly depended for preserving arteries. In order to prevent putrefaction, he places them in sterilized culture tubes, and then he puts away the tubes in large ice-chests, which maintain a temperature just above the freezing-point. Here they live in a condition of suspended animation. Dry and shriveled as they appear, they are still living tissue; and, although the animals from which they have been taken have long since gone to their final rest, these fragments, if placed in a new living host, once more take up the thread of existence. That the arteries could be removed from a man recently dead and have their vitality and usefulness preserved in this same fashion, is absolutely certain.

Important as is the bearing of these experiments with blood-vessels upon the ultimate problem—the transplantation of the visceral organs and of limbs—they have many immediate practical applications in themselves.

Dr. Carrel's work on arteries has given the world its first complete and satisfactory method of transfusing blood. Operations by which the blood of one person is injected into the circulatory system of an-

other are not particularly new. For patients suffering from anæmia—that is, an insufficiency of healthy nutritive blood—the obvious treatment is the infusion of the precious fluid of a more fortunate person. The first successful operation of this kind was performed more than two hundred years ago. The operation, however, has never been reduced to an exact science, because of certain almost insurmountable difficulties. The great problem of transfusion has always been to get the blood from one person to another without the formation of blood clots. Hitherto, the most successful plan has been to pour the blood into a receptacle and to beat it, much as a cook beats an egg; this process separates from the blood the fibrin, the substance about which the clots are formed. At best this is a clumsy method, and the results have been far from satisfactory. Now, thanks to Dr. Carrel's work, transfusion, if undertaken by competent men, can be systematically performed. Taking an artery from the full-blooded subject, he sutures one end upon an artery of the anæmic; and, by establishing a perfect circulation, the arterial systems of two people for a time become almost as one.

On a certain occasion Dr. Carrel demonstrated the value of this operation. A brother physician called him out one night to perform a transfusion upon his own infant, which was only five days old. The child was almost dead from lack of blood; indeed, to the superficial observer, life was already extinct. Dr. Carrel took the radial artery of the child's father and sutured it to the popliteal vein of the child. In a few minutes important changes followed; the child's ears became pink, its lips turned from blue to red, and soon the whole body became suffused with a healthy pink glow. Promptly the child began crying for food, and it is now as robust a baby as one could wish.

This operation and similar operations have become a regular feature of surgical practice, both in this country and in Europe. Only a short time ago a child three years old was admitted to the Babies' Hospital of New York suffering from a large tumor of the kidney, but in such bad condition that under ordinary circumstances operation was out of the question and it seemed as if the child must surely die. After transfusion with the blood of the father the child improved so markedly that it was considered safe to proceed with the operation. It was successfully performed, the child made an excellent recovery, and is now well and strong. This is only one illustration of the numerous applications of this new principle in surgery.

Dr. Carrel's work on the arteries also points to a new treatment for aneurisms. An aneurism is caused by the accumulation of blood in an artery; at the diseased part a sac is formed, sometimes very large, and, unless it is checked, it will burst, and the blood, flowing into the surrounding tissue, causes death from hemorrhage. Many methods of treating aneurisms have been evolved, all of them unsatisfactory. Hitherto the surgical removal of the aneurism usually included the destruction of part of an artery. This meant that a particular section of the body, not receiving its usual allotment of blood and nourishment, would develop gangrene. According to Dr. Carrel, ideal treatment would be to cut out that section of the artery containing the aneurism, and replace it with a segment of a healthy artery from some other source. Up to the present time this operation has not been attempted, because the idea is new and because of the practical difficulty of obtaining extraneous human blood-vessels.

Another interesting application of the new blood-vessel surgery would be its use for drainage purposes. The

new method of suture could probably be used to establish a kind of conduit in the body, which might carry away the watery accretions that accumulate in certain well-known diseases. Hydrocephalus is a not uncommon affection among children; it is an accumulation of fluid in the cavities of the brain, and leads to an abnormal and sometimes monstrous development of the skull, and frequently to imbecility. A possibility suggested by Dr. Carrel would be to take a segment of vein, suture one end into the dura-mater, and thus obtain a connection with the fluid in the brain; the other end could then be attached to the jugular vein. The water in the brain would thus flow by gravity into the circulation. An experiment of this nature has been successfully tried for dropsy. Among the natives of Africa the swelling of the abdomen from dropsy is a common phenomenon. A well-known French surgeon, operating in a chronic case, inserted a vein into the abdominal peritoneum, thus obtaining immediate connection with the water, and caused it to flow into the venous system of the leg. The swelling in this case disappeared. In regular practice "tapping" for dropsy is common; this system of drainage supplies a permanent "tapping," for as soon as the water forms, it passes into the veins. In the circulatory system it causes no damage, because the hydrocephalic and the dropsical fluids are about the same thing as blood plasma itself. Any impurities that enter the blood in this way are excreted precisely as are other impurities.

Important as are these transplantations of blood-vessels, however, they are merely preliminary to the far greater problem of transplanting organs.

In these operations every precaution is taken to prevent the animals from suffering needless pain. In the large majority of cases they

undergo absolutely no distress, and in no instances does their physical discomfort become acute. A cat operated upon by Dr. Carrel does not suffer even as much as would a human being who should be subjected to the same experiment. That long period of anticipation which, to a human subject, is probably the severest part of the ordeal, an animal obviously does not experience at all. As a matter of fact, because of the great precautions taken in the use of anesthetics, the animals operated upon are absolutely unconscious of the experiment.

The cats that are the subjects of Dr. Carrel's operations are of the homeless, marauding kind. The army of human waifs in a great city arouses everywhere interest and sympathy; the even greater number of animal waifs attracts much less attention. It is the miserable hunted, vagrant, half-starved and cringing, picking up a spare living on the refuse of ash-cans, that, occasionally finding its way into the Rockefeller Institute, furnishes the material for these experiments. There it finds, not a torture chamber, but a really comfortable home. It is cared for by men expert in handling animals, and has plenty of good, wholesome food, and a warm, comfortable bed. While the animal lives, every possible precaution is taken to assure its comfort; and, if its life is ultimately sacrificed in the interest of medical science, it goes down to an easy death with chloroform. Had it not joined the animal colony at the Institute, it would have starved to death or been suffocated ultimately at the public pound.

The question still remains as to what is the net practical outcome of these experiments. Dr. Carrel, though enthusiastic in his work, is extremely conservative in estimating the importance of results already accomplished; he is working toward a definite goal, and he would be the

last to assert that he had yet reached it. This line of experimentation is practically new and presents possibilities of such startling importance that the surgeon must carefully feel his way. It is evident, from what has already been said, that these operations indicate many lines of investigation that, when brought to completion, may revolutionize surgery and, perhaps, lead to the successful treatment of certain chronic disorders. Dr. Carrel's work clearly divides itself into two parts—one in which success has already been obtained; the other one in which important discoveries have been made and startling operations performed, which, in the opinion of conservative men, clearly indicate more remarkable results in the future.

In suturing blood-vessels, in transplanting them from one animal to another, and in preserving them before such transplantation in cold storage for weeks in good condition, Dr. Carrel has already achieved complete success. In the transplantation of organs, while as yet not having attained this complete success, he has clearly demonstrated certain principles of great importance. Before he began work we did not know that the kidney of one animal would functionate perfectly for several weeks in the body of another; we know that now. It is clear that Dr. Carrel himself believes that the experiment in making parts of two dogs' legs grow as one indicates that this operation could be successfully performed on human beings. In an address delivered before Johns Hopkins University he declared a year ago that "it is not unreasonable to believe that some transplantations, as, for instance, the transplantation of the arm a little above the elbow, may be successfully performed if an adequate technique is used." The operation on a man would be easier than upon a dog simply because he is larger; the muscles, the bones, the

arteries, and the veins could be more easily handled. Last summer in France Dr. Carrel experimented upon the leg of a human cadaver, and became familiar with the anatomic details involved in such an operation.

The fact that this new surgery may make wooden legs old-fashioned merely suggests its infinite possibilities. When science has demonstrated the practical uses of these operations, then the State will be confronted with the necessity of devising some means of obtaining the necessary material. The most obvious way—the use of organs of people recently dead, perhaps of executed criminals, or victims of sudden accidents—has already been suggested. In this problem, of course, there are important social and psychological considerations. What, for example, would be the mental effect upon a man of the constant realization of the fact that his body contained the organs of other people? There are other solutions of this problem with which science should it ever become a practical question, will have to deal. It may be that a man could use in safety the kidneys of an anthropoid ape: these animals, however, are expensive and difficult to find. It is possible that some way might be devised of using the organs of an animal easier to obtain. At present this could not be done, for the reason already explained—that the blood serum of man would act as a poison upon its tissues; an animal, however, might be gradually and artificially accustomed to human blood. Perhaps the most available way out of this difficulty is found in the fact that the average human being can get along very well with one kidney. The operation known as nephrectomy—the removal of a kidney—is not uncommon. A man with two healthy organs might therefore sacrifice one to a sufferer closely allied in affection—his brother or his wife.

The Red Blood of Advertising

By C. C. HOPKINS

From Judicious Advertising

THE man who looks to the future who prizes his fame—will refuse to advertise that which he cannot believe in. The man who prostitutes his talents in a cause that he can't endorse will find that genius without heart is impotent. No man can derive inspiration from falsehood.

Before we have put a word on paper we must reach a pitch where we feel that those who don't buy what we offer are wronging themselves. For we may be sure of this: That which touches the heart must always come from the heart. That which convinces must be born of conviction.

There is about as much similarity between these earnest men and the ordinary as there is between wild cats and house cats. And the half-hearted man who attempts to compete with them will be quickly reminded of this difference in cats.

A man was stranded in New York with a five-dollar bill in his pocket. He had to have work, so he advertised in the want columns. His ad ran something like this:

"Wanted: Any sort of work, by a man, aged 31; honest; good references."

There were 700 similar ads in those want columns. He received no reply. The following day he tried again; no reply. The next day he had 60 cents left. If he published another ad he had to go without breakfast. He was desperate, and this is what he wrote:

"Is there any work on God's green earth for an able man who must have it?"

And he set it in plea type. There were 700 ads the next day in those want columns, but this ad stood out. There was an appeal to humanity in it. He had the choice of sixty jobs.

One June a certain clothing concern found itself in a hole. The spring had been backward, their stocks were heavy, their bills overdue. They were face to face with bankruptcy.

In this emergency they sent for a famous ad-writer. This man advised them that the only way to get rid of their stock was to tell the people the truth. "Tell them what you owe, and tell them that you are bankrupt unless you can raise that money."

The firm refused that method. It would be suicide, they said, to let their creditors know their condition. So they advertised their sale in the old pusillanimous way. "Great June sale of clothing. Prices cut 40 per cent. It was the old cry of wolf, and the public did not respond to it.

In sheer desperation they sent again to this ad-writer and told him to go ahead. The next week their ads read: "We are face to face with bankruptcy. We owe \$641,282, of which \$562,973.42 is overdue. These are our creditors, and these the amounts that we owe them. These are the prices we make on our clothing to lose part instead of all."

"If you come in crowds to-morrow our creditors will wait. If you don't, they will close our doors before night. For this ad will tell them for the first time, our exact condition."

The crowds did come and the firm was saved.

One of the most successful ads ever written was written by a man entirely untrained in advertising. He only knew that he had worked night and day, and for years, to perfect something that mothers should know. And he knew that the money which paid for his first advertisement was secured by pawning his sick wife's ring. His heading, as I remember it, ran something like this: "Mothers, ten cents may save your baby's life." And the mothers responded until, in five years, the man was a millionaire.

I remember one night in my own career when a business battle seemed lost. Man after man had fallen down on the problem; and I, not realizing the difficulties, had played too weak a hand. Every dollar that I had in the world was at stake, my prestige and my future. The morrow, unless we could meet a certain note, meant assignment. And the immediate future, in any event, meant utter defeat, unless more effective advertising could be evolved.

That night I walked the streets until midnight—until I evolved an advertising idea, born of sheer desperation. The next day we put that idea into effect, and the results were immediate. The tide turned at once, and then it rolled on until it became one of the greatest advertising successes.

We do not often confront quite such a desperate stage. But I never undertake an important campaign until I become so committed—have my reputation so greatly involved—have so many good friends looking to me to make good—that failure would amount to little less than a tragedy.

We cannot be successful in anything these days if we attempt it in a half-hearted way. The battle is too severe; competition too strenuous. There is no success which is not built up of the red blood, the vital force and the compelling personality of the man behind it.

I know a man who knows nothing

of grammar; a man who can't spell; a man whose writing looks like nothing we've seen since the days of Horace Greeley. Yet that man has become a tremendous factor in advertising through the dominant power of enthusiasm.

I know another man for whose ability every ad-writer has the utmost respect. I have had occasion at times to take up lines that he dropped, and I tremble when I come to compete with him. His pen is as all-powerful as an Aladdin's Lamp.

But I have known that man to wait two months before he put a word to paper. I have known him to follow canvassers, day after day, to learn their effective arguments. I have known him to read volumes of matter, until he lived and breathed the subject in question. Then, when he finally came to write the advertisement, the veins in his forehead stood out to the point of bursting.

Such is the price of success. The men who take things easy—who mix business and pleasures—will tell you that such men are devils when one comes to compete with them. Lucky is the advertiser who can get such a man on his side.

This afternoon I saw on my desk a copy of *Printers' Ink*. And I glanced at an article, written by an eastern advertising man, on the advertising expert. It went on to say that no advertising expert could hope to be responsible for more than one great success.

I rubbed my eyes and looked at the date of the magazine. It was not, as you may suppose, dated twenty years ago. It bore a date in December, 1908. The writer of the article may be a Rip Van Winkle, living in the long ago. But the magazine that printed it is a magazine of to-day, and one of the best of its class.

I believe that most of you in the East have outgrown such ideas. Certainly we have in the West. Our last advertising expert hasn't been heard of for more than fifteen years. Those

that are left of us in the ad-writing field are simply salesmen in print.

We have ceased to regard the advertising field as a sort of Monte Carlo. We no longer look upon great success as an accident. This man says that no advertising men can achieve more than one great success. He might as well say that a competent salesman can sell only one line of goods. It is bosh. I know an advertiser, whose name you never heard, who is responsible, on the average, for one success every month.

Not every article can attain a great sale. Not every article is wanted at all. But a man who can't sell what is salable—who can't succeed where success is a possibility—would never live long in the advertising field in Chicago.

If the writer of this article is here to-night, I trust he will pardon my seeming severity. An article like that in *Printers' Ink* is like a Mother Goose tale in the *Outlook*. We in the West are doing business-like advertising. Without theories and without hallucinations, we are selling what we have to sell. And these childish echoes of the long ago jangle on our ears.

Sometimes the solution of an advertising problem means the complete revolution of existing business meth-

ods. Sometimes it involves vast knowledge of competition—of what others are doing and what others have done. Then we need a wider knowledge and a broader experience than any one man can have.

We look at advertising, as it exists to-day, as the sum of many experiences, many ideas. And we realize that it requires a many-man power to do better than has been done. So we combine our powers. Before us a wealth of experienced ability.

No man can say of any of our greatest successes, "I am responsible for it." No one man is capable of doing all that is needed to create a success to-day. We each do our share, but none can say what the result might have been without the contributions of others.

Our best men are not egotists. We realize the tremendous stakes for which we are playing, and the weakness of one-man power. Our minds are but finite, while our problems are infinite. We are men of limited ideas and experiences in an unlimited world. So, forgetting ourselves—discarding all thought of personal credit—we call on others for all the help they can give us. That is the main reason for every great success that I know.

Choosing a Vocation

By Lord Chesterfield

It is very certain that no man is fit for everything; but it is equally certain, that there is scarcely one man who is not fit for something which Nature plainly points out to him by giving him a tendency and propensity to it. I look upon common sense to be to the mind what conscience is to the heart—the faithful and constant monitor of what is right or wrong. And I am convinced that no man commits either a crime or a folly but against the manifest and sensible representations of the one or the other. Every man finds in himself, either from nature or education—for they are hard to distinguish—a peculiar bent and disposition to some particular character; and his struggling against it is the fruitless and endless labor of Sisyphus. Let him follow and cultivate that vocation; he will succeed in it, and be considerable in one way at least; whereas, if he departs from it, he will, at best, be inconsiderable, probably ridiculous.



Lord Milner

From a Recent Newspaper Print

The Future of Lord Milner

LONDON DAILY MAIL



CONSPICUOUSLY absurd among spurious phrases is the remark that no man is indispensable. The mere mediocrity, doubtless, is what he is because we may regard him as a "standardised" man. He is interchangeable at any moment with his like. Every personality that counts is unique. In public affairs the truly great man is, in the strictest sense, indispensable, and leaving him unemployed is like leaving Niagara unharnessed.

Now, in intellect, fibre, vision, in the deep and controlled passion which goes with natural fidelity of purpose and sustains the moral vitality of a man through the effort of years, the characteristics of Lord Milner are nothing less than those of greatness. Among the ordinary race of politicians who rise to high office by luck, talent, or connection he stands apart, but he stands like Saul.

England is not so poor in men, even upon the Unionist side in politics, as she sometimes affects to think. But were our reserves of personality even

richer than they are, we could no more do without Lord Milner than the continent of big things can duplicate Niagara. Yet the revival of his star is a little curious, for it followed a short period of eclipse, which was somewhat his own fault. It is hardly a twelvemonth ago since Taper and Tadpole shook their heads upon the subject and looked extremely solemn and very wise. At one time they had been indiscriminate in the praises of the ex-High Commissioner. Now they felt a change of wind. They ceased to mention him in public and commenced to whisper about him in private. Several names were mentioned for the Colonial Office in the next Administration, but not his. It was said that he did not get on well with Mr. Balfour, and that in a perverse and unyielding mood he might hold altogether aloof from the next Unionist Government.

Quite in the last few weeks the miasma of all this opportunist gossip has been swept away. Taper and Tadpole have veered again. This

time their forecasts for Lord Milner's future are wholly favorable. They recognize, what the whole Unionist Party feels, that Lord Milner, if health be granted to him, will be the brain-carrier of Imperial policy for the next twenty years. Within that time the Empire as it exists will assuredly be mended or ended.

Lord Milner cannot be less than second even in the next Unionist Government. In any Unionist Government thereafter he will probably be first, and this because Mr. Chamberlain's mantle has unmistakably fallen upon him. While other politicians have been necessarily entangled in all the miscellaneous matters of passing controversy, Lord Milner, with that concentrated look of his, has devoted himself with all his extraordinary power of unsparring application and continuous thought to the study of the Imperial problem in all its main aspects.

"Seekest thou great things, seek them not." In the spirit of that searching counsel Lord Milner is steeped. Because no vulgar ambition is his, he is the greater, and the great things must come to him. This has been proved recently in a very interesting way. The key to political power in this country is the confidence of the colonies. That was Mr. Chamberlain's possession. It is now Lord Milner's; but he has suddenly secured it without searching for it. He went to Canada, not at all with any self-conscious design of magnifying his influence at home. He went there just to see the land, and to convince the people of the Dominion of the earnestness of our purposes. Yet the journey was from every point of view a master-stroke, such as no merely egoistic politician could have devised, for no less profoundly sincere mind could have created an equal moral effect across the Atlantic.

The task of our generation is to save the Empire that Chatham won. And it will be saved, if at all, precisely where it was won. In Chatham's time the fight for British America was

the fight for the world. In our time the question of Canada is the question of Empire.

For Canada is the keystone. Pull that out, and the whole fabric of the Empire crumbles. Either there will be established within the next few years an Imperial Union upon the basis of commercial preference, or there will be set up as between the republic and the Dominion a process of trade-reciprocity leading gradually but inevitably to the creation of one vast North American Zollverein, stretching from Panama to the Yukon, which would reduce the relative naval and commercial power of the Mother Country to insignificance for ever. That and nothing less is the issue that trembles in the scales. We cannot be certain that the Imperial cause will not kick the beam. The next general election in this country—dangerously delayed, in any case, as it now promises to be—will resolve the doubt for good and all.

Meanwhile every feather's weight of influence that the Mother Country can throw into the balance on the right side is valuable. Every sovereign invested in Canada tells. Visits paid by English statesmen might have been made to tell enormously. There were no such visits. Canada, which may be reached comfortably in a week, was as consistently ignored by our public men as though it were in Jupiter or Saturn. And yet, as has just been explained, Canada holds the casting vote in a cause as momentous as history has ever decided. That casting vote will decide absolutely whether the Empire is to be organized or dissolved, and whether the Mother-country can maintain, even into the second quarter of the twentieth century, her place as a Great Power, as well as whether Canada is to retain and develop her own splendid national identity or to be merged at last in a wider United States.

Lord Milner's journey broke the traditional boycott. He went from ocean to ocean before opening his

mouth in public. Then he went back from shore to shore, making speeches in the chief centres of Canadian life and thought. It was speaking such as Canada had never heard before. Pascal's words apply to Lord Milner as exactly as they can ever have applied to anyone. He has "the eloquence which seems to be eloquent." He is not rhetorical, yet he is not cold. He is profoundly earnest, yet he is not vehement. He is not elaborate, yet he is thorough. Fundamental brain-work is the very stuff of his speeches; and yet it would be impossible to conceive a stranger simplicity of words. Lord Milner is ordinarily no orator. He said years ago when he was a parliamentary candidate that before the divine fire possessed him "he had to be hit in the eye." That is still true. And then, indeed, his academic restraint departs, all his powers are liberated, and he is extremely formidable. When he is moved no man can be more moving. Lord Milner's speeches in Canada were a public education. They revived the Imperial cause. At a critical moment, upon the very eve of tariff revision in Washington, they saved the immediate situation. The Dominion will not, for some time yet, conclude with the United States any reciprocity arrangement to the prejudice of preference. But the second "missionary of Empire," fit successor to the first, not only revealed to the people of the Dominion the real state of public opinion in this country. He revealed himself.

Lord Milner came back a few weeks ago with the confidence of Canada behind him. Consider what

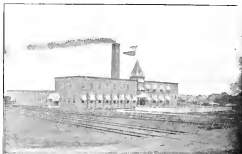
that means. In South Africa even the Dutch, now that they have taken over the government, are finding that they must build more and more to Lord Milner's designs and upon the solid foundations he laid. He is far nearer to Australian ideals, military and social, as embodied by a man like Mr. Deakin, than is any other English statesman.

In Egypt he acquired an unsurpassed insight into the whole spirit and system of our Eastern administration, and thus he "divines India" as Alexander Hamilton divined Europe, to recall Talleyrand's celebrated phrase. And now he has the special support of the community holding the casting vote in the whole Imperial problem—Canada. If national military training were the first constructive work of the Unionist Party, Lord Milner and no other would be the next War Minister, for he is far more competent than any other man to make an end of make-believe, and once for all to create a new military system upon a broad national basis. As preference comes first, as that cause must be won before the ground can be cleared for other issues, Lord Milner's destiny is determined. Were he in the House of Commons he would be beyond all question Chancellor of the Exchequer.

But though it cannot fall to him on the floor of the House of Commons to fight and carry the tariff, he will have, with Mr. Balfour, the chief hand in framing it. Lord Milner, as Secretary of the Colonies, must hold a place no less commanding in the next Unionist Cabinet than Mr. Chamberlain held in the last.

Learn Thoroughly

The vital study for the employe is to learn everything touching his position quickly and thoroughly, to adapt himself as nearly as is in his power to the demands made on him, to catch the pace of the workers about him, be it fast or slow, and to accommodate himself in every thought and action to the standards of the department as he finds it.



The Model Factory of the Aylmer Condensed Milk Company

What a Pure Milk Supply Means

By G. B. VAN BLARICOM.

WITH the opening of new districts and the extension of settlement, civilization crowds upon the heels of the explorer, the pioneer or the pathfinder. He cannot get away from the older parts of mother earth and its products as easily as he supposes. Conveniences and comforts come to him unbidden and relieve existence in rough lands and lonely stretches of much dreariness and many drawbacks. The means of sustenance, the luxuries of the farm and garden, the orchard and field, are at hand, no matter where the foot of man may penetrate or how barren or unyielding may be the face of nature. Whether in the frozen area of the far north, the rocky region of the extreme west, the inmost depth of the virgin forest or delving in the bowels of mineralized strata, gastronomic wants may be supplied as easily and inexpensively and in

equally as great variety, purity and abundance as on the table at home or in the hotels and boarding houses of a big city.

The news story of how products so rich and rare are brought to the miner, the trapper, the hunter, the lumberman, the explorer and the sailor forms a theme of intense interest as evidencing the advancement of the age and the creative genius of man and, in this respect, it may be remarked that invention has shown no greater achievement than in the line of canned and condensed foods.

How has all this been accomplished and how has the demand for this class of foodstuffs been met? Comparatively few, for instance, know anything of the care, cleanliness and skill with which evaporated cream is placed on the market. The unsweetened product can be bought from ocean to ocean and the brand

known as Canada First, made by the Aylmer Condensed Milk Company, Limited, of Aylmer, Ontario, is seen and used everywhere.

The other day I paid a visit to Aylmer and was surprised at the extent and substantial character of their factory, a splendidly equipped, fireproof structure of cement blocks and pressed brick, having a floor space of about 55,000 square feet. Although in operation only a year and a half, some 125 persons are employed in the preparation of Canada First Evaporated Cream and Canada First Condensed Milk. I found that both products are treated in a similar manner, only that the latter is preserved by the addition of pure granulated sugar. There is no finer dairying or more famous corn growing centre than the fertile district surrounding the prosperous town of Aylmer. Aylmer corn is celebrated from one end of Canada to the other. I learned that the factory has contracts with no less than three hundred progressive dairymen for its daily supply of rich pure milk and that the most rigid inspection and supervision are observed. Two men are constantly visiting the stables and herds to see that all regulations are strictly carried out. The company requires that all stables be thoroughly whitewashed and cleaned, the manure being removed twice a day. The same care and attention have to be bestowed on the milking utensils. As each animal is milked the lactal fluid must be removed immediately from the stable. It thus absorbs no taint or odor. Every farmer is supplied with an improved Perator and Cooler over which the milk passes so that all animal heat is removed. It is then kept in a milk house in cans, which are placed in ice cold water. But these are by no means all the precautions taken. The different herds are inspected several times a year to see that all cows are entirely free from disease. A few weeks ago, when the foot and mouth

malady broke out across the border, a Government inspector went through the district and made a thorough examination of all animals but no trace of this or any other disease could be found. The water and food supplies are also loosened after and the herds fed principally on corn, the farmers not being allowed to give their animals turnips or any other root that is in the least objectionable. But inspection does not even end here. When the milk arrives at the factory it is subjected to a severe test to see that it is rich in solids and butter fats—free from all contamination—and in as perfect a condition as scrupulously clean methods, modern appliances, and scientific precautions can make it. Thus the company procure as pure milk as it is possible to obtain. The contents of the cans, after being weighed, go into the receiving tanks and all the cans are thoroughly cleaned and sterilized in the factory before returned to the dairv. After this extreme care has been exercised it would be supposed that the fresh milk was all that could be desired, but it is now an acknowledged fact that all milk, even if produced with the precautions already described, is alive with bacteria. Before being put on the market, therefore, Canada First brands of Evaporated Cream and Condensed Milk go through a most thorough sterilizing process to render them free from all bacteria.

A tour of the factory I found most instructive and interesting, and the process, from the time the milk is received until it is converted into the finished product, is one worth witnessing. From the receiving room the milk passes into the huge sanitary tanks of the cooling and purifying department. There it is held until ready to pass into the condensing department, where by the most modern sanitary machinery it is greatly reduced in consistency by evaporation in vacuo. From here the milk goes into the filling department



where automatically every can is filled, each containing the same quantity. The cans, after being hermetically sealed by special machinery, are next conveyed to the sterilizing department where they go through a secret process which renders the milk entirely free from germ life and puts it in a more digestible condition than fresh milk by greatly softening the casein. The milk is then held in the factory from thirty to sixty days to ensure it being in a perfect condition before it is placed on the market. This, in brief, is how the milk is transferred from the cow to the can in such a clean and sanitary manner, and is never touched by hand.

Canada Evaporated Cream is richer in butter fat and phosphate properties than ordinary cream because all the solids are retained. It is completely free from germs, all harmful bacteria being destroyed. Another surprising fact is that two-thirds of the time in the factory is taken up in cleaning and sterilizing the tanks and machinery. No machine is driven by belts, electricity and gas producer power being employed. It may here be remarked that Canada

First Evaporated Cream and Canada First Condensed Milk are made by machinery all built in Canada from plans and specifications specially submitted by the Aylmer Condensed Milk Co., except the power plant, which was purchased in England.

The water supply of the company is obtained from constantly flowing artesian wells six miles from the factory and conducted by gravitation to a concrete reservoir in front of the building capable of holding 300,000 gallons. The water is used for cooling purposes in the factory, and also for cleaning the plant. In the latter process no soaps or acids are used, only pure clean water and steam.

In the introduction of any new, convenient and improved product there are naturally barriers of prejudice and hurdles of distrust. These, however, have been overcome long ago with respect to evaporated cream, and the product is now much more popular than ordinary cream, not to speak of its numerous other advantages. Creams rising from milk has from fourteen to eighteen per cent. butter fat, while Canada First Evaporated Cream shows about

thirty-two per cent. of total solids. It is put up in three different sizes and by being diluted is suitable for all purposes for which milk is adapted. Thus it is cleaner, richer and healthier. The typhoid outbreaks, which occurred some time ago in Montreal and Chicago, were shown to be directly traceable to an impure milk supply. In the city of New York to-day there is as much condensed cream consumed as there is of ordinary fresh milk or cream, and in other cities this sanitary preparation is rapidly supplanting deleterious and tainted supplies from dairies.

Every can of Canada First Evaporated Cream is guaranteed absolutely pure. It contains the fats, solids and a small portion of water of pure milk only, making it in every way wholesome and digestible. It can be and is used in all climates and constitutes a perfect food for miners, hunters, lumbermen, explorers and fishermen as well as for the ordinary household. All alike enjoy its richness, purity and strength. While the sweetened product—Canada First Condensed Milk preserved by the addition of pure granulated sugar—is used in many communities to a large extent, it is to-day being replaced in many others by the un-

sweetened product—Canada First Evaporated Cream—which is preserved by the scientific application of heat alone, and put up in air-tight sanitary cans without any solder or acids being used.

While advancement goes steadily on the Aylmer Condensed Milk Co. is in the very forefront of the procession, its energies and output being directed by Mr. H. W. Knight, general manager and superintendent. In an extensive experience covering a period of twelve years in some of the largest factories in the world, he has a thorough acquaintance in the manufacture of sweetened and unsweetened milk, and has mastered every detail of the business. The company is in a fortunate position in several other respects, being located in one of the finest corn growing and pasture sections of Canada. Mr. Knight has carried the organization far beyond the experimental stage and its products, Canada First Evaporated Cream and Canada First Condensed Milk, are sold not only in every province of the Dominion but in foreign countries as well, while each succeeding month reveals a wonderful increase in the output of and demand for these goods that in quality, richness and invigorating elements lead all others.



Hugh Chalmers of Detroit
And his Two Pets, the "Thirty" and "Forty"

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Gravel Discoveries New Valley Power Plants. Williams—Technical World (March).

Conquering the Ocean's Perils. Gustav Schwab—Van Norden's (March).

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A Fishing Trip up the River Marcy. N. E. H. H. Burnside—Rod and Gun.

A Moose Hunt in New Brunswick—Rod and Gun.

Dear Fishing in Florida. Ems F. Young—Rod and Gun.

A New Boston Fishing Experience. Irrolld Whidden—Rod and Gun.

A Ladies' Moose Hunt in New Brunswick—Rod and Gun.

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Hopes for American Drama. Littell McInnis—Scamp (March).

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The Leading Stage. George Parker—English Illustrated (March).

New York: the Greatest Opera City in the World. W. J. Henderson—World's Work.

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A New Fastener.

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larger than the inner flap and reaches down to a good sized, star-shaped opening, which shows through to the inner envelope, so that when the outer flap is sealed it sticks not only to the outer envelope but also through this opening to the inner one. The latter is thus practically locked and double locked.

The Taxi-Typewriter.

Although the slot machine principle has been adapted in hundreds of different ways in the past few years, especially on such devices as gas meters, weighing machines, vending machines and innumerable other devices, the typewriter which would give service by the half hour, hour or day by means of a coin dropped into the slot has been slow in making its appearance. Sooner or later it had to come, however, and it will soon be possible for the public to drop a dime and tap the keys in hotel, club or railway station or wherever the machines can be of service.

Universally known as the "slot typewriter," the "dime in the slot machine," etc., this elegant idea in the typewriter had been at first brought to third degree of practicality that the machines are now ready for installation. The rights to the manufacture of the machine having been acquired by the Underwood Typewriter Company from the inventor, Harry Bates. The demand for typewriters for public use for short intervals led Mr. Bates to conceive the idea of an automatic device which would enable the public to get service on the machine for a small fee, and the invention of the slot typewriter was the result.

The various points at which these machines will be installed will be known as Underwood pay stations, and it is believed that within a few years such pay stations will be as well known as the ancient telephone pay stations now are. Through this scheme the traveling public will be enabled to obtain the use of typewriters at intervals of a half hour any time of the day or night in any public place. The slot device is attached to the machine on the right hand side. As the dime is dropped in and a lever is pulled, the bell rings softly and the proprietor warms that the machine is worked. At the end of a half hour period the bell rings again and the machine is automatically locked.

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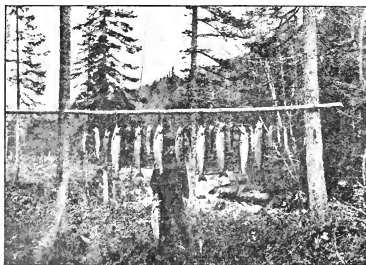
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